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MY HOPE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HATTIE BOYER.

I had a Hope that beautified my days
And comforted my dreams.
That lighted all life's dark, perplexing ways,
And smoothed the roughness of this vexing maze,
And heartened me with gleams

Of something in the distance, sweet and far—
Love, tenderness, and rest.
And Hope burned ever, like a faithful star;
Or, taking semblance such as angels are,
It slept upon my breast.

How sumptuously the days and hours slipped by
When radiant Hope was mine!
The birds grew happier-throated. And the sky
Took sapphire hues. And the low, west wind's sigh
Breathed forth content divine.

But one sad day my Hope had feeble grown,
Yet nestled to my heart,
As if it feared to leave me all alone;
And that I too, should waste with fret and moan
If Hope and I could part.

And now—Ah, woe is me! my Hope is dead.
My heart is broken. Fate
Hath dulled my skies. The singing birds are fled.
The listless hours creep on with weary tread,
And life is desolate.

APPEALING TO THE ORACLE.

The Chinese, like all the people of Asia, are fatalists, and find in the priest the interpreter of destiny. The mode of appealing to the oracle is shown in the engraving, and is at least ingenious. One of the inquirers takes a sort of quiver containing a number of small strips or laths of wood, each of which is inscribed with certain characters. This he shakes violently, watching anxiously the laths which, as he thus dislodges them, fall to the ground. If there be more than one inquirer, the others prostrate themselves with their faces in the dust, while a bonze notes down in a book the characters inscribed on each of the fallen pieces as they escape from the quiver. Meanwhile, perfumes are kept burning in the sacred urn, and circular pieces of gold and silver paper are cast into the fire to propitiate the genius of the temple. During the ceremony, a number of crackers are fired off. When the rite is finished, the priest informs the devotees of the result of their prayers.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER II.

DOWN AT CHILLING.

A stately mansion bordering upon Wales, and resting on a gentle eminence, was the far-famed residence of George Canterbury. Its description must be deferred to a later paper. Through the open park, across the stately terraces, up the broad steps into the spacious hall, we must go now.

The view commanded from the windows was beautiful. Sunshiny dales, sheltering woods, silvery brooks of water that murmured as they ran gently through mossy glens, trees waving in the breeze, hills with their light and shade ever changing—giving to an imaginative mind pictures of the flowery plains of Arcadia.

In one of the various rooms that opened on either side the hall was the eldest daughter of George Canterbury. The room was of magnificent proportions; she was as a magnificent queen in it. Her gleaming silk swept the ground as she stood, tall and upright, before the window, her head held a little back, its natural position. She was rather a large woman, with a comely face of power, and clearly-cut features; her hair was of a purple black, her eyes were dark gray. The landscape on which she looked was no summer scene of green glade and gladness; far and near it was one white spotless plain of snow. The January sun shone brightly, the glad robins piped from the snowy trees.

"I think we shall have a thaw," she observed to her sister Jane, who sat at the table writing.

Jane Canterbury looked up from her desk.

"I hope not. I do so dislike a thaw."

"So do I; but it is an evil that must follow snow, and the sooner it's over the better.

"Have you any message to Lydia?"

"No; only my love. I wrote to her yesterday."

Jane Canterbury dipped her pen in the ink, but did not immediately resume her writing. She glanced again at her sister.

"Do you know, I think that their not coming down for Christmas has made a very disagreeable impression on papa. I mean Lydia and her husband."

"Disagreeable! In what way?" asked Miss Canterbury. "They could not help it. He was too ill to come."

"Of course. Papa does not blame them. He began talking about it yesterday evening when you were at the rectory, saying that the break-up of the family Christmas party looked like a foreshadowing of the breaking-up of the family."

"That was done, so to say, when Edgar died, counting from the year that we lost mamma," observed Miss Canterbury, in the low, steady tone with which she had schooled herself to mention her dead brother's name.

"I said so to papa nearly in the same words," returned Jane, "and he began to cry a little. I think—I think—"

"What do you think, Jane?" asked Miss Canterbury, wonderingly, for Jane's hesitation had come to a final pause.

"Well, I cannot help thinking that papa is not quite so strong as he was," was Jane's answer, giving with a good deal of deprecation. "In vigor of mind; I do not mean in health."

Miss Canterbury made no answer. Of clear and vigorous intellect herself, of quick perception and sound common sense, she, dutiful and loving daughter though she was, could not be ignorant that Mr. Canterbury's intellect had been all his life but commonplace. She bent forward as if something in the white landscape had attracted her attention, and before the silence was broken Millicent entered, with her walking-things on.

"Where are you going, Leta?" asked the elder sister, in a tone of authority.

"Oh, to five hundred places."

"In this snow?"

"As if it would hurt me, Miss Canterbury! I like walking in the snow above everything."

"Do you, young lady? I hope you have good snow-boots on."

Leta held up one foot with a laugh to show how thick the boots were. She wore a pretty bonnet of bright violet, some white-blonde lace shading and setting off the fair, delicate cheeks, the sweet hazel eyes. Her dress was violet; her black-velvet mantle was edged with some kind of rare fur.

"And where are the five hundred places?"

"As if I could enumerate them all!" returned Leta lightly. "The rectory will be the first, and the schools the next, and then Mrs. Kage's, and then— I think papa wants a message taken to old Fry's," she broke off; "I am going to ask him. Good-bye."

"You must be home to luncheon, Leta."

"Oh, yes, if I can. If not, please put by a piece of bread-and-butter for me."

Leta shut the door, and crossed the hall to her father's study. George Canterbury——a tall, thin, fair man, some years turned sixty—sat reading near the fire in his spectacles. His auburn hair was thinning rapidly; in fact, not to mince the matter, the top of his head was getting bald; and the crow's-feet were deepening round the corners of his eyes. All of which troubled Mr. Canterbury; he had been a vain man all his life, and would be to its end. The thin face was handsome still, though not displaying any great strength of intellect. The nose and mouth were beautifully formed, but the forehead receded much. His daughters Jane and Millicent would have been very like him but for this last defect, which their faces did not possess.

"Papa, don't you want some message taken to John Fry?" inquired Leta.

"No, my dear, not now," replied Mr. Canterbury, putting aside his newspaper, and turning his kindly blue eyes on her; "I have sent Noel to him."

"Oh, very well; that will be one place less, then."

"You will call at the parsonage, Millicent, and see how the poor old man is."

"I am going there first, papa."

"Do so, child. And if he would like some grapes, or some—"

"Oh, papa, Miss Canterbury, you know, remembers all that," was Leta's interruption.

They were in the habit, in a playful kind of way, of calling the elder sister "Miss Canterbury."

"Yes, I hope so. I think I'll step down myself presently; the snow's not very bad between here and the parsonage. Tell them I'm coming."

"Very well, papa. Good-bye."

Her other calls made, Leta Canterbury turned to the residence of Mrs. Kage, a small, pretty villa-cottage with low French windows. Caroline saw her coming, and ran out regardless of the snow, shaking a shower of it from the laurels as she brushed past them. Her dark-blue eyes were animated; her cheeks were bright as a June rose.

"What good fairy sent you here, Leta?"

"The fairy was myself. Why?"

"He is come!" whispered Caroline.

"Who?"

"Who! As if you needed to ask. He came down to Aberton on business yesterday, and walked here this morning."

With a bright blood-red flush rising to her face, with a sudden coursing-on of every vein and pulse, with a sweet feeling of intense bliss, as if heaven had opened to her, Millicent Canterbury stood for a moment speechless. Caroline laughed. The like emotion had been hers but an hour ago, at the unexpected appearance of Thomas Kage, and so she could not mistake its signs in another.

In later years, when certain events in the chances and changes of life plunged Caroline, young still, into awful misery, and brought her very near the grave, a remembrance of the deliberate deceit she had practiced on Millicent Canterbury was not the least amidst the catalogue of errors that stung her conscience. From the night at the seaside, when she had given the lying hint to her mother, Caroline had set herself, after the manner of girls, to tease Leta about Thomas Kage. "He loves you," was her reiterated whisper; and Millicent, covered with blushes, never dreamt that she was being purposely deceived. Caroline was playing the false part still, now and always.

A matter of moment connected with Mr. Kage's profession had brought him down to Aberton, a large town about three miles' distance from Chilling, and he took the opportunity to walk over. On his way to the presence of Caroline the snowy road seemed but as a soft carpet of velvet. How his heart had fed on her image since they parted in October, he would not have liked the world to know. Mrs. Kage, treating the visit as one of common courtesy, paid solely from the accident of his being in the neighborhood, and never supposing but her daughter looked upon it with similar indifference, received him civilly, and condescended to inquire with quite a show of interest after the health of Lady Kage.

She was sitting back on her comfortable sofa, drawn to the fire, when Millicent went in; a soft down-cushion covered with embroidered silk was at her back, another beside her; her scent-bottles lay on the pretty little coffee-table at hand; a pastile burnt in a saucer, making the room smell like a Roman Catholic oratory. Thomas Kage, taking his elbow from the mantelpiece, advanced to shake hands with Millicent. She met him with a flushed, conscious, downcast face, and stood in shyness and silence.

"I am so glad to see you," he said in his cordial, earnest tone, for Millicent was a great favorite of his. "I am here but for an hour."

"You timed your visit well, Miss Millicent," spoke Mrs. Kage, languidly playing with the chain of her eye-glass. "Did you come on purpose, knowing Mr. Kage would be here?"

"No, indeed," replied Millicent vehemently, half crying with confusion at the sudden charge. "I did not think—I did not know anything about Mr. Kage. I came for my music."

Thomas Kage laughed at the eagerness, but suspected not that there could be a cause for it. Caroline—false girl!—telegraphed a meaning look to her mother, as much as to say she did not believe the denial. Leta turned her hot face to the piano, and kept her back to them.

"Can you let me have the music, Caroline?" she asked, touching some pieces that lay there. "Olive accuses me of having lent it you to avoid practising it myself; she knows I dislike difficult pieces."

"I don't think you have any very great talent for music, my dear Miss Millicent," observed Mrs. Kage, lifting her thin white hand with its glittering rings. "It is a great gift—peculiar, I may almost say, to the Gunse family, for we all had it largely—as your mother knew," looking at Thomas Kage, "when she was governess at Sir Charles's. Caroline inherits it from me."

"I am sure I have not any gift at all for music," spoke Leta readily, turning her ingenuous and truthful face to them for a moment. "All I know of it has had to be drilled into me."

"As Miss Carr had to drill it, at the time I speak of, into Charlotte Kage," murmured the lady. "Do sit down, Millicent love. How is dear Mr. Canterbury?"

"He is quite well, thank you," answered Millicent. "Mr. Annesley is worse. Sarah is in—so much distress."

The pause was caused by the remembrance of something she had just heard at the rectory against Mrs. Kage. Sarah Annesley had called her false and deceitful; and Millicent, sensitive and ever considerate to others, felt as guilty, face to face with Mrs. Kage, as though she had made the charge herself.

"Oh, poor old duck! we heard he was worse. But you know he is seventy-five, so his time has come, I suppose. Even parsons can't expect to live for ever. Can they, Thomas?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Kage; and none should know that more certainly than Mr. Annesley. By all I have heard of him—of his good, humble, useful life—there can be few better prepared to welcome death than he."

Mrs. Kage threw her eyes across at the speaker, a shrewd look of curiosity in their depths.

"Where have *you* heard of old Annesley? Oh, I forgot—from his daughter."

"No, Mrs. Kage; I have been in the habit of hearing of Parson Annesley—it is what my good friend always calls him—long before I met his daughter last autumn. I speak of Mrs. Garston."

"Deaf old Worry!" faintly aspirated Mrs. Kage. "I give you my word, Thomas, that the half-hours' visits I paid to that antediluvian fossil at Little Bay upset my nerves for three days. Caroline knows it. Millicent Canterbury, my dear love, *you* know it. What ill fate sent her to the same identical seaside place that I chose, I am unable to imagine."

"Mrs. Garston came to Little Bay because my mother was there."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Kage frigidly. "How Sarah Annesley could go to sit with her day after day, and survive it, was to me a marvel. Do unscrew this difficult stopper for me, Thomas; my fingers are unequal to it."

Holding out the bottle to him with those same fingers of affectation, Thomas Kage took out the stopper and returned it to her. She fluttered a few drops of its pungent essence on the carpet. And thus talking, and some three of them, at least, feeling as if that little parlor were a haven of Eden, twenty minutes were away.

Millicent not liking, in her self-consciousness, to stay longer, took her leave. Mr. Kage attended her to the door, and thence walked with her along the path to open the gate.

"The next time I come down, I hope to have the honor of calling on the Miss Canterburys," he said, as he shook her hand. "I feel ashamed not to do so now, but time will not permit it."

"You are going back to Aberton soon?"

"As soon as I have been to the rectory. I am compelled to call there, short though my time is; for I promised Mrs. Garston to do so, and take her back news of Mr. Annesley."

"Will you give my kind regards to her?" spoke Millicent gently. "I think she is a very worthy old lady, in spite of her peculiarities."

"Yes, she is."

"And I should like to send my love to your mother," added Millicent, blushing a little.

"Thank you. Until my next visit, then."

"Perhaps you will never make another!" Leta stayed to say, her sweet face turned to him rather wistfully.

"Indeed I shall, and very shortly too. The business that has brought me down to Aberton now must bring me soon again, when I will try not to be so tied for time. Fare you well, dear Miss Canterbury!"

He lifted his hat, and Millicent walked away, carrying the piece of music, a whole flood-tide of sunshine making glad her beating heart.

CHAPTER III.

WITH LADY KAGE.

Apart from the crowd of lofty and pretentious houses sprung up of late years in the region that somebody has called "Westburnia," stand two dwellings smaller and prettier, each in the midst of its garden, and almost under the very wing of that aristocratic place, Paradise-square. These two houses had not kept pace with others in grandeur. They had a kind of plain, old, and staid look, answering no doubt to their respective occupants, who had been in them years before the fashionable squares and terraces around were built or thought of. In the one lived Mrs. Garston, in the other Lady Kage. They were held on long leases, and the rents were low. Doubtless the landlord was fit to eat his finger-ends with mortification at seeing the great rents exacted by others for houses not half as good as these in point of real comfort and convenience. Mrs. Garston remained in hers from habit, from past associations. Her fortune brought her in nearly three thousand a year, and the house was entirely out of proportion with such an income as that; but she would as soon have thought of changing her skin as her dwelling. She kept six servants indoors, and a large close carriage and a coachman in Paradise-mews. Several rooms had been built out at the back of her house at her own expense, otherwise some of the six servants might have lacked dormitories. It is not with Mrs. Garston, however, that we have to do just now, but with Lady Kage.

Her income has been already mentioned—a few hundreds a year, all told—and it would die with her. Thomas Kage made a little after his chambers and other expenses were paid; and he took it home and flung it into the common fund. They had kept two servants; but since Lady Kage grew worse another was taken on; and Dorothy attended solely to the comforts of her mistress.

Seven o'clock London time, on a January evening, and two very charming concomitants for London streets—a thaw and a fog. Thomas Kage, arriving at home from that brief visit of his to Aberton mentioned in the last chapter, thought it about one of the most disagreeable nights he had ever experienced as he sprung out of the hansom with his small black travelling-bag. Letting himself in with his latch-key, he turned into the dining-room, where he expected to meet his mother. The empty chair, however—her own chair in the warmest corner—struck upon him with a kind of foreboding chill.

"Where's my mother?" he asked of a servant-maid who came running up.

"My lady is not quite so well, sir," was the answer. "She has not been down at all to-day. Dorothy thinks it's this nasty weather that's trying her. Oh, sir, and if you please," added the girl, as he was making his way to the staircase, "Mrs. Garston's footman has been here to ask you to be kind enough to step in as soon as you got back."

Lady Kage was in the small sitting-room above, cheerful with fire and two wax-candles. A gray chenille shawl lay on the back of her easy-chair; a small cap of white lace shaded her delicate face, which grew bright at the entrance of her son—her good, noble, loving son—who had never in his whole life brought to her one moment's pain. He kissed his mother fondly, and then sat down by her.

"And now what is this great matter, that

my mother should be up here this evening?" he asked in a light, almost a joking tone; for he knew how strangely impressionable to outer influences her spirits had of late been.

"My breath has been so bad to-day, Thomas."

And as she spoke he became conscious that her breath (not very free for a long while) was remarkably short. Thomas did not like this.

He drew a chair to the fire, railed a little at the fog, thick enough to affect anybody's breath, and at what he called the slush, and then passed to the topic of his late visit, and the business that had induced it, of which Lady Kage was cognizant.

"Shall you be able to succeed in it, Thomas?"

"Yes. But I shall have to go down again, I expect, more than once."

"And Mrs. Kage is well? And Caroline?"

"Mrs. Kage is blooming, and greater in essences and affectation than ever."

"Thomas!" spoke his mother, with a reproving smile.

"Well, it is not a libel."

"You saw Caroline?"

"I saw Millicent Canterbury also. She asked me to give her love to you."

"You ought to have called on the Canterburys, Thomas."

"If I had I should not have been back to-day; and I did not care to leave you alone for two nights, mother mine. I saw Mr. Canterbury at the parsonage, and said I would call the next time I went down."

Dorothy came in, grim as usual, to tell him his dinner was waiting down-stairs. Which it was nothing but two mutton-chops and mashed potatoes, she added, for they had not been certain of his getting home. Thomas Kage ran down to the potatoes and chops as contentedly as he would have done to a rich repast—he had been brought up to be thankful, and then, mindful of Mrs. Garston's message, went in to the next door.

Mrs. Garston was in her drawing-room: a tall, deaf old lady, with vigorous gray eyes, large features, and an irritable temper; her dress, of rich white brocade silk, with a small running pattern on it of bright-colored flowers, stood out stiffly, and her head-dress was of black velvet and pearls; all of a bygone fashion, like herself. She had heard from her servants of Mr. Kage's arrival at home, and had sat bolt upright in her chair ever since, expecting him, her gold-headed stick, with which she supported her steps in walking, resting as usual against her. She took it in her hand when he entered, and began to tap the carpet; by which signs Thomas knew that she was not in a genial humor.

"So! You have come, have you? And taken your time over it."

It was rather by guess than ear that Thomas Kage caught the sense of the words. Mrs. Garston's eighty years had rendered her toothless; and she would no more have allowed the loss to be artificially supplied than she would have submitted to the wrongest thing invented by Satan. Putting aside any pain there might be to the gums in fixing them, she looked upon false teeth as one of the world's new and reprehensible sins.

He took her hand in his as he sat down close to her, his kindly, honest dark eyes looking pleasantly into her sharp ones of steel-gray. In his slow, distinct, impressive tones, heard by her distinctly, he explained that he had sat a little while with his mother, whom he had found worse, and stayed to eat his dinner after his long journey, before coming in; and it disarmed her anger.

"Is anything fresh ailing your mother?"

"Her breath is labored," spoke Thomas in her ear, "and she seems very low this evening. Dorothy thinks it may be the effect of the weather; I hope it is."

Mrs. Garston gave a violent rap with her stick, which slightly incommoded Thomas Kage, for it struck his foot instead of the floor.

"What do fogs come for, I should like to know?"

"I think we should be puzzled to tell."

"They are horrible; they affect everybody's breath: you tell Lady Kage so from me. When I was out in the carriage to-day for my airing, driving round and round Paradise-square—for I'd not let the coachman venture farther in such a mist—I was choked with the damp and fog. Choked, I assure you, Thomas. And one with bad breath would naturally feel it more than I did. Now, you tell your mother that; do you hear?"

"I'll be sure to tell her," said Thomas, who was used to Mrs. Garston.

"Don't let her get low through a mischievous fog. Lowness is bad for us all, but it must be worse than a dose of physic to Lady Kage. I should not like to have heart-complaint myself, Thomas; though I can't help saying that what's called heart-complaint is generally nothing but what comes of nerves and fancy. Did you see Parson Annesley?"

Thomas Kage answered in the affirmative, and gave her his opinion of the clergyman's state. The old people had been friends in early life.

"And so you went to see those Kages?" commented the unceremonious dame, when she had gathered various items of news in answer to her questions. "*I* shouldn't. They are not worth it, Thomas."

"Not worth it, ma'am?"

"No, not worth it!" she repeated irascibly. "Why do you contradict? The mother's a lump of pretension and hypocrisy, and the daughter's a chip of the old block. Now, then?"

He only smiled in answer to her fierce look.

"They are not worthy to bear the same name as your mother; no, nor as you, Thomas, when you behave yourself. *I* knew the Guness. What sort of a provision has Philip Annesley made for his daughter?"

"I do not know. I never heard anything about it."

Mrs. Garston grunted: she very much resented any check to her curiosity. Thomas Kage did not mend the feeling by inquiring if she had any news of Barnaby Dawkes.

"Now, don't you bring up Barnaby Dawkes's name to me," shrieked the old lady, seizing her stick menacingly; "I'll not stand it from you, Thomas Kage. He had the impudence to send me a letter to-day, saying he must quit the army and go through the Insolvent-court, unless I paid his debts. What do you think of that for a piece of brass?"

"Very wrong, of course," murmured Thomas. "But perhaps if he were once set straight, he would keep so."

"Is it anything to you, pray, that you should take his part?" she retorted. "Are you in league with Barby Dawkes?"

"Surely not. I scarcely know Captain Dawkes; I have not seen him more than three times in my life."

"And that's three times too often. You keep clear of him, Thomas Kage, or perhaps he may infect you with the propensity of getting into debt. He's a vain fop, that's what Barby Dawkes is, and lives in the billiard-room all his spare time. I don't like him; and I don't like Keziah. Debts last year, debts this year, debts next year, and then he comes to me to pay them for him! Why does he make them?"

She put the question so pointedly to Thomas Kage, with her keen gaze fixed on his face, that he could only make some kind of answer. He did not know why Captain Dawkes made them.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Garston. "But I'll tell you one thing, Thomas Kage—he will make his debts once too often. There; you may put that down in your diary, if you will, to remind you later that I've said it."

Thomas Kage did not put it in his diary, scarcely in his memory; but a time was to come when he would remember it with a shudder, for the prophecy was destined to be awfully fulfilled.

"What keeps Charlotte away from her mother?" resumed Mrs. Garston, in a fierce tone. "Lady Kage told me yesterday, she had not seen her for a week."

"Charlotte cannot come abroad just now; she is always ill, as you know, before her babies are born."

Mrs. Garston gave a resentful knock in the air at some imaginary object.

"Babies here, babies there, babies everywhere! How many will this next make?"

"Nine."

"Nine!" repeated Mrs. Garston, lifting her hands. "Why do people have so many children? Where's the use of it?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Thomas, with a laugh. "I have none."

"And *don't* you have any," advised the old lady. "Don't you get married, my dear, for you are better off single. With such a mother as yours to come home to, and me next door to talk to at will, you've everything you can reasonably want. Wives are but a lottery at best—for I'll be whipped if the 'cutest men living can tell what they are till they've got 'em for better or worse. And children may turn out spendthrifts like Barnaby Dawkes."

"Which would not be desirable," thought Thomas Kage.

"Over and over again I warned Charlotte against that marriage," resumed Mrs. Garston. "I showed her that where the exchequer was low, children generally arrived in shoals. She did not heed me, and what's the consequence? Don't you go and make a spectacle of yourself, Thomas. Barnaby Dawkes—Who's come with such a noise as that, I should like to know?"

It was a summons at the front-door; a knock and ring so loud and startling as to have penetrated even to the deaf ears. The footman came in, looking a little scared as he spoke to Mr. Kage.

"One of your servants is come to say, sir, that her ladyship's taken worse—if you'd please to go in."

A parting pressure of the hand, and Thomas Kage was gone, long before his old friend in her impatient flurry comprehended a word.

Lady Kage was lying insensible, and medical aid was summoned. It was but a prolonged fainting fit; but ere the doctor departed, Thomas Kage had learnt the fatal news that the end, in all probability, could not be retarded beyond many days. It nearly overwhelmed him. He had known for some time now that the termination must be fatal, most likely sudden, but he had not expected it so soon. It is the ordinary case of life's experience. So soon! so soon! He sat by her with his aching heart; but for the strongest efforts of self-control, he must have given way to his emotion.

Lady Kage knew the truth nearly as certainly as he, and did not fail to detect his inward agitation. She seemed quite comfortable again; and sat in her chair just as if nothing had happened, shunning bed as long as might be, for the feeling of suffocation was very strong this evening, and always oppressed her worse when she lay. Thomas was standing in silence, his eyes fixed on the fire, when she put out her hand to him. He went up and clasped it.

"What has Dr. Tyndal been saying to you?" she asked, gazing up to his face with a wan smile, meant to be a cheery one.

The sudden question upset him. By the tone, the manner, he saw she knew the worst. His chest heaved, his lips quivered, and he turned a little from her.

"Thomas!"

He flung both his hands on his face to hide its pain, and a sharp, faint cry involuntarily escaped him.

"Thomas, Thomas! My darling son! Do not grieve as though there were no hope."

She motioned that he should draw his chair close and sit down on it, and their hands were locked together. It had not been hope for this life she spoke of, but for the next. The great love always existing between them in heart had been suppressed in manner; they had not been demonstrative the one with the other: this *cannot* be with those of a higher nature, where the feelings are sensitive, true, deep. But on this night, with the great parting brought suddenly close to hand, reserve was thrown aside, and they spoke "face to face," as though the reticence that pertains to earth had taken wings to itself and flown away. Then, if Thomas Kage had never known it before, he learnt how excellent a son she had ever found him, how truly she had appreciated his goodness, his sacrifices, his never-failing and most considerate love. A quarter of an hour of deep agitation, and Thomas remembered that he must be calm, even to the end, for his mother's sake. His face had lines in it, his eyes were red, but he sat quietly staring into the fire, her hand held quietly in his, while his heart felt as if it must burst with anguish.

"I have made my will, Thomas," she said, knowing that practical considerations must be spoken off as well as others. "There's not much to leave, my dear; still, I have been able to put by a little yearly since Charlotte married, and you paid your own expenses. It is about six or seven hundred pounds, I think—it will be that, I mean, when everything is paid; and—Thomas"—Lady Kage spoke hesitatingly and dropped her voice—"I have left it to Charlotte."

"Quite right—quite right," he warmly answered. "Charlotte wants it; I don't. I have my profession."

"That was what swayed me. I thought it over a long while, prayerfully, trustingly, and I seemed to see that poor Charlotte, with her flock of children and her many needs, had the most right to it. But oh, my son, my good son! what can I leave to you?"

A great sob escaped him, and his eyelashes were wet as he turned them to her.

"Leave me your blessing, mother."

"You have it always; my heart is blessing you every hour of its existence. And if I may be permitted to look down from thence" (glancing upwards), "it will bless you still. Be at ease, my dear son, a better blessing than mine is yours—God's."

He suddenly knelt down by the fire and poked it violently—anything to carry off the emotion that was stirring him so terribly within. And then he threw his arm across his mother's lap, and hid his face upon it.

"Do not sorrow as those without hope," she whispered; "do not mourn as those who have no comforter. Where will be the profit of my daily patient teaching, Thomas, if you are to give way under this blow?"

"It is so sudden."

"Nay, you cannot have failed to know that death was coming."

"But not so soon—not so soon. Mother! I don't know how to bear it."

"You cannot think, Thomas, how quickly my life seems to have passed since that brief period of time into which all momentous events for me were crowded: my marriage, your birth, and your father's death. Looking back, it seems to be as yesterday. So—quickly—will your life pass; and then we shall be reunited where there can be no more parting."

She could feel the inward sobbing as he leaned against her. The tears gathered in her own eyes, and dropped on his head as she looked down at him.

"Heaven knows how I have striven to work on patiently and silently for the goal," she said. "In the midst of all my shortcomings and mistakes and sins, I have ever tried to keep the end in view, and to bear on for it. It has not been in vain," she softly whispered. "Oh, Thomas, I have been so helped!—so helped! I do not presume to say, with St. Paul, that 'henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;' but I dare to hope and say that I shall live amidst the redeemed in heaven. And the time of my departure is at hand."

If ever there had been a true, humble Christian in the world, it was Maria Kage. Thomas knew how sure all this was; but the bitter pain of parting filled his heart, and he could not find comfort. *That* would come later, when all was over, and the anguish had in a degree gone by; but he did not see it now.

"I should like you to keep on the home and old Dorothy, Thomas," Lady Kage resumed, as he sat up in his chair again, "at least for a year. She will keep things straight for you; so that, in that respect, you will not so much miss me."

Even in the midst of his distress the thought crossed him that he should be little likely to retain the home and Dorothy, wanting means; but he did not say this; he could not speak.

"I wish you would not grieve so."

"My grief is so bitter that I could almost wish to go with you. Oh, mother, say you forgive me for the pain I have caused you, wilfully or thoughtlessly; for all moments of ingratitude, for the want of love, that has been so poor to what it ought to have been!"

She took his hands, and bent down to him, a tender light in her earnest eyes.

"I forgive you for all, Thomas. I say it to satisfy you. But none can know better than you how little there is to forgive; I can recall nothing. You have been my dutiful, loving, thoughtful son; not to me only, but in the sight of heaven."

"Don't, mother!"

His tone was one of imploring anguish. In that moment, when she to whom he had been so closely knit was about to be taken from his sight for ever in this world, it seemed that he had not loved her and cherished her and worked for her half enough.

"God's ways and will are not as ours, Thomas, or I could have wished to live until I saw you more prosperous."

"Do not be anxious for me," was the hasty answer. "I have no fear of getting on."

"If I could be anxious for you, I should think my own life's lessons had been in vain. I leave you with entire trust; and be assured, Thomas, that you will get on just as much and just as little as God shall please."

He knew that.

"I have never once asked for riches for you, Thomas," she said in a deeper whisper; "I have been content to leave that to Higher wisdom than mine. It is the other kind of riches I have besought for you—oh, very earnestly—those that will serve you when the gold of this world shall have flown away."

A glow of sweet gladness, not lost immediately in the hour's sorrow, illumined his heart. He had full faith in the great belief that the child of a praying mother would never be lost.

"Do you remember the words of that verse in *Sintram*, Thomas—the one you used to be so fond of?"

He knew which she meant, and nodded. They ran through his mind rapidly as she spoke.

"My Lord and God, I pray,
Turn from his heart away
This world's turmoil;
And call him to Thy light,
Be it through sorrow's might,
Through pain or toil."

"It is *that* that has been rather my chief prayer for you," she breathed. "Thomas, should it come—pain, toil, sorrow, whatever trouble may be deemed necessary for you—you will not fail, you will bear up bravely, looking to the end?"

"Yes," he clearly answered, "God helping me."

"It seems so little when you have passed through," she began again, after a long pause. "The cares, griefs, perplexities, distress, that appear so terrible to us at the time, hardly to be borne, seem as nothing looked back to when life is closing. Oh, Thomas, battle with the storm-waves as you best can; they must assail you sooner or later. Bear up manfully, never sinking, looking aloft always to the light that never fails. The waves that feel so cruel in the breasting them, are only sent to carry you onwards. No cross, no crown."

"I know," he whispered; "yes."

"I shall be in heaven waiting for you; waiting until your appointed labor shall be done, and life's sun has set. Thomas, I had a dream this afternoon when I dropped asleep in the twilight, and I thought I was in a vast space of subdued, beautiful light, where all seemed to be rest and happiness. Crowds were moving about in white robes; a great river ran along below; bright green trees and lovely-colored flowers clustering on either side it. It was heaven, Thomas; it was heaven. I saw myself—*saw* myself from a distance, as it seemed—in white as the rest were, like an angel. I was looking down, watching for some one who was to come from very far, some one who was sure to come; for I saw the glad smile of welcome on my face. Thomas, I know that was you."

It was getting almost more than Thomas Kage could bear. He doubted also whether it was not for his mother, though she seemed so calm, with a glad, steady peace inward and outward.

"I know that dream was sent to comfort me, my son, to reconcile me to the parting. I am going to heaven. Just so shall I watch there in reality until you come to me. It will not be long; time passes so quickly."

"My darling mother, say no more to-night," he urged, putting his cheek against hers; "we will talk again to-morrow."

"I think I have said nearly all. You shall step round to Charlotte's. Tell her that I am a little worse, and if she can possibly come to me in the morning, to do so. Read first."

"Do you care that I should read to-night?"

"I shall care for it to the end, Thomas."

Since Lady Kage's illness it had been his turn to read; but he verily believed he should break down to-night. To attempt more than a few verses he dared not. It was chance more than anything else that caused him to begin where he did.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

And so on to the end of the chapter. After that, he closed the book.

"'Ever be with the Lord!'" repeated Lady Kage in a low tone; and she took his hands, and looked into his eyes with a great gladness while she said it.

"For ever and ever, please God!"

But, nevertheless, it was a curious chance that caused Thomas Kage to fix upon those particular verses that night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Female Infanticide in India.

A good deal of interest has of late years been felt in Europe and America in regard to the destruction of infant life, which has come to be a painful feature of the times. Compared with female infanticide in India, however, the crime in these countries sinks into insignificance. Among large communities of the Hindoos all female infants are destroyed as soon as they are born, and a most unnatural state of things exist. The statistics on the subject, gathered by the British government, are exceedingly startling. The following are some of the facts developed:—

"In some villages of the Baboos of Bhudawar Kullan there were 104 boys to one girl, and this one had only escaped by being born and kept at the house of her mother's family; and for ten years there has been only one girl married in all the villages of this family. The neighbors themselves even pointed out this clan with some degree of horror, remarking that their tanks were deep with infants' bones, and the floors of their houses paved with skulls. But other families are nearly as bad. In 23 villages of the Koonwurs of Pukherwa Kullan there were 204 boys and only 22 girls. In 14 of these there was said not to be a single girl, and the marriage ceremony was unknown. In five villages belonging to the Baboos of Purtabgurh there are said to be only two girls, and the Baboos of Asorpoor have not a single girl, and rather boast that no girl has ever been married from amongst them or known to have been born in their villages. Throughout the whole Pergunnah of Amorha, containing 145 villages, the average was 76 boys to 24 girls. The proportion amongst the Goutmus, a numerous and proud race, who came originally from Oudh, is 88 boys to 12 girls; in eight of their villages not one girl exists, and no marriage has taken place for upwards of ten years. The Kulhuns are not quite so bad, as in ten of their villages there are 177 boys to 65 girls, but the Chohans average 77 boys to only 23 girls in 20 villages."

Most of the clans in which this state of things exists are Rajpoots, who refuse to intermarry with their neighbors, and whose clansmen will only marry their daughters in consideration of a heavy dowry. This and the other expenses of marriage are said to be the cause of the destruction of female infants; and even amongst those that survive, many are said to be sickly, owing to the want of proper care and attention. To supply women for the adult males a class of marriage brokers has sprung up, who either purchase or kidnap girls of other countries, and sell them.

MRS. WOOD'S STORIES.—The *Camden Democrat* says:—"One of the best prose works we ever remember to have read was the 'Channings,' written by Mrs. Henry Wood, for our old favorite journal, the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST; and we see another story has just been commenced in that paper, by the same admirable writer. We are glad to see THE POST maintaining its long established and well earned reputation as a chaste and sensible caterer for the family circle—the best home newspaper within our knowledge."

CARBOLIC ACID.—A well-known citizen of Philadelphia, who had been using a weak solution of carbolic acid as a wash to correct the offensive odor arising from a cancerous affection, discovered that the application also entirely removed the cancer. One-fourth of an ounce of carbolic acid is diluted with a quart (thirty-two fluid ounces) of water, and the lotion is applied three times a day. A weaker solution, containing one-eighth of an ounce of carbolic acid to the quart of water, would probably be a safer application.

THE INCOME TAX.—The law on this subject reads, "The taxes on incomes herein imposed shall be levied on the first day of March, and be due and payable on or before the 30th day of April in each year, until and including the year 1870, and no longer;" and hence, unless the statute be extended, this disagreeable inquiry into the private affairs of every citizen will cease.

☞ The French cable expedition arrived off Duxbury, Mass., on the 23rd, and the shore end of the cable was to be laid on the 24th.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent gratis—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE," by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood, and the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

INDUCEMENTS.

In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

WITH OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," &c.

IN THE POST for July 17th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

☞ The Irish Disestablishment Bill has finally passed, the House of Commons having agreed to the amendments to the bill. The amendments are of minor details.

☞ The New York Tribune thinks if the national capital should be removed to Chicago, the sole amusements of Congress would be looking at the lake tunnel and getting divorced.

☞ Commodore Vanderbilt, according to rumor, aged 75, is now also, according to rumor, to lead to the altar a young lady, who Madamade Rumor says, is aged but 17.

☞ China and Japan had an area of 1,403,700 square miles in 1860, and a population of 475 millions of inhabitants—an average of about 325 to the square mile.

☞ Instead of "every rose has its thorn," the reading now is, "every rose-bush has its bugs."

GOING WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Omaha, Nebraska, July 17, 1869.

Dear Post:—From Cleveland, where I went after leaving Parkman, to this place, I have travelled in a variety of conveyances and passed through a variety of incidents. Bear with me through a little necessary egotism and I shall tell you how it all came to pass. Perhaps then I can reward your patience when I reach California, by describing to you something new and strange.

Cleveland is a charming place, but I saw comparatively little of it, as my party deemed it expedient to hasten onward to Detroit, which we did, through a rich, fertile country, where I caught my first glimpse of prairie land. I also saw many Indian mounds, remnants of a race long since extinct. These and other Indian mounds in Indiana are now being scientifically investigated, and giving rise to many queries regarding their origin and purpose.

I walked through the streets of Detroit, when we reached there, feeling deep interest in the old historic town. I crossed the river in the ferry-boat to Windsor. This is a quaint old Canada town, without much, however, to remind one of being in a foreign country, except the custom-house upon the wharf displaying the sign of the crown between V. and R.

We left Detroit in the "Michigan Central," and had to lay over at Marshal. After concluding our business there, we learned to our consternation, that there was no passenger train going west until 11 o'clock at night. From Detroit we had travelled in the most luxuriant palace cars from the Detroit car works I had ever seen, with patent ventilating arrangement, etc. So when by-and-by some one told us a freight train passed that way west at 7 P. M., with an attachment accommodation car for the use of the workmen and a few passengers, we decided without hesitation or further inquiry to avail ourselves of it, thinking it would save time and be a novelty.

It was great sport at first jolting over the country in this, hard-seated tag-end caboose, with passengers of just such a character as an observer likes to encounter. One woman returning home with her little girl from a visit to "Uncle William," whom she seemed to take it for granted we all knew, had travelled widely over the western country, and had a large fund of anecdote. A lad from New York, had been sent for by his brother to come out to Chicago, but, as the young fellow ingeniously expressed it, he had not sent "stamps" enough to put him through. But the conductors were very kind, he said, when a fellow owned he was hard up without any sneaking.

Yes, it was novelty enough for a while, but as the night wore away and the train stopped longer and longer at each station to deliver freight, we began to grow more and more disgusted, until our disgust reached its climax upon discovering that we should not reach Niles, where we proposed passing the night, until 12.45 midnight, only an hour and a half earlier than the 11 o'clock train fell due. Yet when, after a good night's rest in comfortable beds, we learned at the breakfast-table that this same passenger train had been detained by a car in front running off the track, our disgust ceased and we began to deem ourselves fortunate.

A lumbering old stagecoach carried us to our next destination, South Bend, Indiana, through the richest harvest lands I had then seen. I shall not describe them, as I had intended, for I have since seen such wonders that these fade from my memory. We passed through varied scenes of interest in the experience of the early white settlers, as well as of romances pertaining to the Indian tribes now driven from their native soil. Some of the passengers had lived years ago in the vicinity, and delighted me with the reminiscences they called up. One of the men, when a boy, had been much among the Miamis, whom he described as a well-built, handsome tribe of Indians, susceptible beyond most tribes of being civilized and educated. He spoke warmly and affectionately of them, saying he owed his health, perhaps even his life to them, for he had been a delicate boy, and an old Indian had persuaded his father to let him go off on deer hunts, etc., with them—and thus he had built up health and strength. All this reminded me of the good old "Peter Parley" books in which I used to read as a child—"When I was a boy an old Indian came to my father," etc. Who of my readers can recall with me this old worthy, the pioneer in the field of juvenile literature?

South Bend is well known as the home of our Vice President, Schuyler Colfax. Mr. Colfax had just returned from his tour through the Eastern states, and he and the "Old Block" of our party being old and intimate friends we went over in the course of the day to call at his house. We found Mr. Colfax a genial, pleasant gentleman, and his wife a most charming lady. We passed a very social, agreeable hour there, Mr. Colfax and "Old Block" discussed their old South Bend life and the more recent days they had spent together in California—and, in fact, we all talked California, for they are going over in August, and Mrs. Colfax especially seems quite enthusiastic about the trip. Speaking playfully of growing old, Mr. Colfax said that he supposed he must be advancing in years, but he felt his heart as young as ever—and one need only look into his face to judge that he had truly kept his heart young and fresh.

While in South Bend we attended a meeting of the "Historical Society." This is a society whose object is to collect relics and facts of interest pertaining to the county—St. Joseph's—and is composed chiefly of old residents, few of whom seem to be very rapid in their movements. The life of the whole concern seems to be pretty much centered in a little South Bend editress, a Mrs. Molloy, who is now engaged writing a history of the St. Joseph valley, and grasps with enthusiasm every scrap of information upon the subject. She interested me by the facts she had gathered regarding the Chicago massacre, and I have no doubt she will make her book very attractive. After getting over the usual proceedings of the society, hearing among other things from a member the history of his grandparents, parents, himself, wives and children, there came an eager call for "Old Block" to speak. He had met everywhere with a cordial reception, for he was a very popular citizen when he lived here, as well known as a writer and lecturer as he is now in California. His remarks at the society, impromptu though they were, were very entertaining, and his reminiscences gave extreme satisfaction.

From South Bend to Chicago, where we stopped a day; thence onward we journeyed through the great Western prairie. Some one told me before starting I should find it monotonous. Yes, it was monotonous, if you will, monotonous as the grand review of our mighty army in Washington after the war—monotonous in its very grandeur, grand in its monotony! Mile after mile, acre upon countless acres of the richest soil groaning beneath the weight of its luxuriant harvest. Vast seas of wheat, corn and other grain, with still vaster seas of yet uncultured prairie land, here and there islands, as it were, of groves, surrounded us far as the eye could reach by an ocean of green, as we are whirled onward, hour after hour, over the country. Oh, it were folly to attempt a description. We can talk of the great prairie lands of the West, read of them, compare tables of miles and distances, but without seeing one cannot realize their immensity! In my life I have never felt prouder of being an American citizen. Why, our resources are boundless, with sufficient labor we could raise limitless supplies. This is the hue and cry everywhere, a want of laborers. Why will the poorer classes crowd about our Eastern cities when there is abundant work here? Wealthy farmers, who in their homes live well, complain, from Ohio westward, of want of help, male and female. Ladies doing their own work, who would gladly employ two or three servants could they get them; crops going to waste from the want of hands to hasten them in from the heavy rains, incalculable stretches of the most prolific arable land which might be cultivated to increase the even now incredible plenty. It sets one to thinking, it unavoidably enlarges the mind to undertake such a journey as I am now upon. All day yesterday my mind was expanded with wonder, everything I saw fascinated me, the flat prairie, the lovely rolling prairie, the grand prairie meadow-land, with vast droves of cattle—all were alike marvellous, and it makes me yet glow to recall it.

Of course, however, we could not reach Omaha without an adventure—the detention we had escaped on the Michigan Central awaited us here. At 10 o'clock at night our engine was thrown off the track by a land-slide caused by the tremendous rains, and after a great jolt which bounced me for one from my seat, we came to a stand-still. We were only a few miles from Council Bluffs, but we had to wait a weary while before a car could be sent out for our relief—yet our hearts were too thankful that no injury had been sustained to admit of much grumbling. After manifold detentions we reached the point opposite Omaha, then another delay before the omnibus that met us could be taken over the ferry, then a long, dismal ride through rain, slush and mud inconceivable—when many times it seemed as though our horses were swimming rather than walking—and we were landed safely at 5 o'clock this morning, instead of 11 last night, at our hotel. I shall see little of Omaha, for the rain is pitiless and unrelenting, and the streets and sidewalks do not as readily admit of travelling through the rain as those of our older cities. To-morrow we set forth once more, but our plans for the remainder of the journey are as yet immatured.

AUBER FORESTIER.

☞ A jury of a justice's court in a rural district of California decided that the state law prohibiting persons from carrying concealed weapons is unconstitutional, because the Constitution of the United States says that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed;" and the county judge sustained the decision.

☞ A certain fashionable book publisher of New York recently, while enjoying an airing behind a span of high-steppers in Central Park one afternoon last week, overtook an author of his who was quietly jogging along in a modest buggy, and remarked jocosely, as he passed the latter, "You'll excuse me getting ahead of you?" "Don't mention it. Publishers generally *do* get ahead of their authors!" was the quick retort.

☞ The industry of the Parisian letter-writers is instanced in the fact that during the Viceroy of Egypt's stay in Paris he received over 600 letters a day from persons asking assistance, the sums asked for reaching an aggregate of over 2,000,000 francs. Nine hundred monsieurs, more modest, asked simply for employment.

☞ Henry J. Raymond died worth $450,000, a little over $250,000 of which was in real estate, and the balance in personal property.

☞ Philadelphia, at the present time, contains somewhere about thirty thousand more houses than New York.

☞ The Galveston News is informed by Gen. Robertson that in his practice as a physician he has taken pains to keep a record of the vital statistics of Washington county, Texas, and the result shows that while the white population has increased in the usual ratio, the negroes have diminished in number nearly ten per cent. per annum in the last four years.

☞ An eccentric old man living near Carlinville, on the line of the Alton, St. Louis and Chicago Railroad, has constructed a veritable ark. This curious craft has a stern wheel of ample dimensions at one end of it, and an engine with its attachments nearly ready to set things in motion when the great floating day arrives. He eats and sleeps in his ark, determined not to be caught napping, at least outside of his ship. During the recent pluvial visitation, it is said, this modern Noah was noticed to be very busy getting ready for a trip to Mount Ararat.

☞ It has been discovered that fish can be made dead drunk with brandy, packed in straw and sent on a ten days' journey without any other damage than that their morals suffer. When restored to water they sober in a few hours and are all right again.

☞ A French writer, just returned from Italy, gives the following dismal picture of the actual condition of Garibaldi:—"The General is reduced to a skeleton; his features are wizened and contracted. I found him lying on a divan and suffering horribly from chronic rheumatism. The ex-dictator, bent over like the leaning tower of Pisa, is but a shadow of his former self. It is difficult to recognize the lion of the republic in this forlorn and babbling old man."

☞ Among the provisions for a picnic in New England always include umbrellas, india rubbers, waterproofs, overcoats, the means of kindling a rousing fire, and a tent. There is no knowing what a day may bring forth in the weather line.

☞ Amanda Craig has knocked off $60,000 of her judgment against the heart-breaker Sprague, and contents to call it quits by taking $40,000, greenbacks. Sprague says, "Agreed." And so it ends.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PATTY GRAY'S JOURNEY TO THE COTTON ISLANDS. By CAROLINE H. DALL. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, 822 Chestnut street, Philada.

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN By JOHN STUART MILL. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THACKERAY'S YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS. Published by D. Appleton & Co, New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

MARRIED AGAINST REASON. By Mrs. ADELHEID SHELTON MACKENZIE. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., Philada.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR JUNE. Published by E. J. Sears, New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR AUGUST. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

DEWITT'S SIX PENNY SERIES OF MUSIC. Published by R. M. DeWitt, New York.

THE GALAXY FOR AUGUST. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

HARPER'S MONTHLY FOR AUGUST. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

The Empress Eugenie.

A writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser, who has lately returned from Europe, says:—Some papers are disputing whether the Empress Eugenie's peculiar charm is of person, or of conversation and manner. We should say of manner; though she is far from ugly, and both undoubtedly contribute to make up one's impressions of her. Whatever might have been the beauty of this renowned daughter of the Montijos, age, care, and the anxieties of rank have materially affected it. We recall an interview which took place between her Majesty and the King of Prussia, two or three years ago, upon the occasion of the Grand Prix at the Bois de Boulogne. After the races were over, the King escorted the Empress from the Central Pavilion, reserved for the elite, to the carriages which were in waiting for the royal party. He handed her into the nearest one, while the Czar, Napoleon, Bismarck and the Crown Prince of Prussia occupied the next. No sooner was the Prussian monarch seated beside her than the Empress opened upon him her colloquial batteries. The beauty about which one has heard so much was not there, but in its place was such a gift of conversational power, a grace so winning, such vivacity of expression, such poetry of motion, such propriety of gesture, that the commonest boor among the bystanders felt the magnetism of her presence, and had eyes for none but her Majesty. The King, though considerably over sixty, is emphatically a ladies' man. He bent eagerly forward to catch her slightest word; his gray eyes sparkled with a sincere delight, and his whole attitude betrayed the utmost interest and attention, which were unmistakably confirmed by the nervousness with which he stroked his abundant moustache. "How charming!" said an enthusiastic Frenchman at our right. "How charming!" echoed a Yankee at our left. "How charming!" we involuntarily added, and charming it decidedly was. Therefore, say we, it is her conversation and manner.

☞ A Methodist paper invites "our friends" who have any sort of patience in listening to the slow, dragging singing in some of the church services to sing the following stanza, written by the Rev. Alfred Taylor, to the tune "Joyfully:"

Dismally, dolefully, downward we drag,
Making our music most mournfully lag;
Singing the songs of salvation so slow;
Groaning and grunting along as we go;
Painfully poking o'er pious old poem,
Weary, the worshippers want to go home;
Droning so dull they don't know what to do,
Pleased when the plodding performance is through.

☞ A Frenchman counted up how many times Victor Hugo used the word "irradiation" in his last book, and found the number 544.

☞ The next state elections will be in Kentucky, August 2d; Alabama, August 3d; Tennessee, August 5th; Montana, August 10th.

"A Word to Horsemen."

DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT has been tested by the first horsemen in this country, and proved to be superior to any other. The late Hiram Woodruff, of "trotting fame," was never without a bottle in his stable. It is also used by Col. Bush of the Jerome Park Course at Fordham, N. Y., who has over twenty running horses under his care, among which rank some of the finest stock in America. It is warranted to cure lameness, sprains, scratches, bruises, galls, cuts, wind galls, colic, sore throat, nail in the foot, and overheating, when used according to the directions.

All who own or employ horses are assured that this Liniment will do all, if not more, in curing the above-named complaints. No horse need die of colic, if, when first taken, the Liniment is used according to the directions. Always have a bottle in your stable.

Price, in pint bottles, one dollar. The genuine is signed S. I. Tobias on the outside wrapper. For sale by the druggists, saddlers, and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. jy3-3t

☞ THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE JEWS.—The San Francisco Board of Education has lately been discussing the use of the Lord's Prayer in the schools of that city, a member urging its disuse an account of its being objectionable to the Jews. A person of that faith, however, wrote to the Board that "such an assertion has no foundation in fact. I, as a Jew, most emphatically deny it, and challenge the gentleman to his proofs."

Interesting to Ladies.

I have used the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in my family for *thirteen years* on all kinds of work, from the finest Swiss dress to the heaviest grain sack, and in that time it cost us but fifteen cents.—*Thomas McIntyre, Wilmington, Del.*

☞ TO EXTINGUISH A KEROSENE LAMP.—A correspondent of the Scientific American recommends as the safest way to extinguish a kerosene lamp, to blow across the top of the chimney, with a quick, strong puff, directed upward, and without altering the wick, either up or down.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The only known, reliable cure for Asthma. Sufferers with this terrible disease should not delay in trying these matchless remedies. They give, in a few days, perfect and permanent freedom of breathing.

The Russian Sect of the Skoptzi.

Some new revelations as to the ceremonies of the strange Russian sect of "the mutilated" (Skoptzi) have just been published in the Russian Contemporary News. These revelations are taken from a manuscript memoir written by the late Monsignor Plato, metropolitan of Moscow, at the request of Alexander I., and fully explain the nature of the "two communions" of the Skoptzi. The first communion, called that of the Flesh of the Lamb, and is administered at all the general meetings of the Skoptzi; the second, which is only administered to the elect on extraordinary occasions, is called that of the Blood of the Lamb. The women of the sect are bound under terrible oaths to live a life of chastity, but it nevertheless often happens that they have children, and this is usually ascribed by the Skoptzi, not to the women having broken their vows, but to divine interposition. The child, if a male, is "sacrificed" on the seventh day after its birth. A bandage is tied over its eyes, its body is stretched over a dish, and a silver spear is thrust into its left side, so as to pierce the heart. The "elect" of the Skoptzi then advance in turn and suck the child's blood. This is what is called "the communion of the blood of the Lamb." As soon as the ceremony is over the body is put in another dish full of sugar, where it is left until it dries up; it is then crushed into powder, and administered in small cakes to the ordinary members of the sect as "the communion of the flesh of the Lamb."

Let not Prejudice Usurp your Reason.

It is a fact that, in the minds of many persons, a prejudice exists against what are called patent medicines; but why should this prevent you resorting to an article that has such an array of testimony to support it as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS? Physicians prescribe it; why should you discard it; Judges, usually considered men of talent, have used and do use it in their families: why should you reject it? Let not your prejudice usurp your reason to the everlasting injury of your health. If you are sick, and require a medicine, try these Bitters.

When the bodily energies are worn out by anxiety and need a stimulant, this is the best that can be taken. It is tempered and modified by hygienic herbs and roots, which prevent it from fevering the blood; and hence it does not produce a mere temporary excitement, to be followed by injurious reaction, but communicates a permanent potency to the entire vital organization. Some of its herbal constituents are slightly soporific, so that in cases where sleeplessness is one of the accompaniments of nervous disease, a dose of it taken towards bedtime will tend to produce quiet and refreshing slumber. For palpitation of the heart, tremors, hysterics, fainting fits, general restlessness and the causeless fears and distressing fancies to which ladies are especially subject, under certain morbid conditions of mind and body peculiar to their sex, the Bitters will be found the most agreeable and certain of all counter-irritants.

The constitutionally nervous may readily keep their infirmity in constant check by the daily use of this healthful vegetable tonic; and those who have "shattered their nerves," as the phrase is, either by imprudent indulgence or undue physical or intellectual labor, will find in this vitalizing elixir a prompt restorative. jy3-5t

☞ Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Guthrie bequeaths $198,438 to his daughter Mary Gaperton, $164,497 to his daughter Ann A. Caldwell, $112,987 to his daughter Sallie J. Smith, $13,200 to his grandson J. Guthrie Cook, and to ten grandchildren $14,000 each.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,

129 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ The New York Times establishment is divided into one hundred shares, of which Mr. Raymond's estate owns thirty shares; George Jones, thirty; James B. Taylor, fourteen; A. T. Stout, ten; E. B. Morgan, of Cayuga, ten, and two shares owned by others. The shares are valued at ten thousand dollars each, making the concern, including real estate, worth about one million dollars.

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

☞ Lindley Murray, of grammar renown, is said to have resided for the space of two-and-twenty years in one front parlor without once going out, attended upon by a kindly old maid, enamored of his principles and his preterpluperfects, living chiefly on boiled mutton and turnips, and solacing himself in the intervals of conjugating verbs by grinding a barrel organ.

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-3m

☞ There is no other spoken language so cheap and expressive by telegraph as the English. The same amount of information can be transmitted in fewer English words than French, German, Italian, or any other European language.

ASTHMA, Rose Colds, Hay Fever, &c., no sufferer should be without *JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA. It is an unfailing cure for* these distressing complaints. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., sole proprietors, Boston. Sold by all druggists. jy31-6t

☞ Curious gymnastic fact; there must always be three *springs* preceding and following *leap year.*

☞ Why is a meteor like a wicked old man? Because it will *scintillate.*

National Educational Conventions.

These Conventions, to be held in Trenton, N. J., about the middle of August, will bring together the most prominent instructors and professors of education throughout the country. On Monday, August 16th, the National Superintendents' Association will meet, and addresses by J. W. Bulkley, of New York, H. F. Harrington, Superintendent of the Public Schools of New Bedford, and B. G. Northrop and others will be made. On Tuesday, August 17th, the American Normal School Association will hold a session. On August 18th, the National Teachers' Association will assemble, when Governor Randolph, ex-Governor Parker and others will speak. This Convention will be in session four days, during which Mr. John D. Philbrick, of Boston, will lecture on "The School and the Workshop;" General O. O. Howard will speak on "Education in the South, with reference to the Colored Population;" Professor Munroe, of Boston, will lecture upon "The Voice and its Training," and Hon. Joseph White, LL. D., will discuss "Christianity in the Public Schools."

S—a—r—s—a—p—a—r—i—l—l—i—a—n.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 800 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the *new process recently discovered* by *Dr. RADWAY*, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT, SARSAPARILLIAN*, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla, was found to possess *the true virtues* ascribed to this root, and, obtained as it now is under *Dr. RADWAY'S new process*, rescues, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncured secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, SARSAPARILLIAN, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glandular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each depraved organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncured secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1849-50—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy *will cure*, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 25 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparillian), $5 for six bottles, or $1 per bottle, at No. 87 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for *RADWAY'S RESOLVENT*, and see that each bottle has the word *SARSAPARILLIAN* on the outside label.

RADWAY & Co., No. 87 Maiden lane, New York.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St. my29-1f

☞ A certain Virginia town does not allow old maids. When the girls reach 30, the young men draw lots, and the lucky ones make up a purse for the victim.

☞ The French Court of Cassation has just decided that two men, who died in the galleys fifteen years ago, were innocent of the crimes of which they were convicted.

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by

my8-3m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d of June, by the Rev. John F. Chaplain, Mr. ROBERT P. MORTON to Miss MARY C. MARTIN, both of this city.

On the 17th of June, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JAMES C. MILLER to Miss MARY A. MCCAY, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnson, Mr. WILLIAM H. FORD to Miss MAGGIE WILSON, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. BENJAMIN H. HUTCHINSON to Miss GERTRUDE HILLMAN, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN E. KERSLAKE to Miss JANE HOUSTON, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Paxson, Mr. J. F. KULP to Miss MARY B. RAMBO, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th instant, Mrs. LOUISA MYERS, in her 76th year.

On the 20th instant, JOHN S. CONNER, in his 60th year.

On the 19th instant, LIZZIE RUSSELL, in her 20th year.

On the 19th instant, ANNIE M., wife of Thomas A. Lancaster.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON, aged 32 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH BANES, in her 45th year.

On the 18th instant, PATIENCE PRETYMAN, in her 73th year.

On the 17th instant, MARY, wife of John George.

On the 17th instant, Mr. JAMES FERGUSON, aged 32 years.

RESOLUTION.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout,
Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it get cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear—
Hear it.
—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Three Overheard Whispers.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST WHISPER.

Night after night the music clashed in our rear. It was very pleasant and interesting, as we lounged about in our little garden, or took coffee in the small building that served us for a summer-house. We were living in Paris, and, for the sake of economy, quite close to the barriers, for the rents get wonderfully cheaper as you clear away from the Champs Elysees and the Faubourg. Now close to our residence there was some place of public entertainment, the Salle d'Artois, I think they called it. We did not much like the proximity, but there was never any noise or disturbance, and the crash of the music through the summer air was at times pleasant enough. It is astonishing what children in respect to amusement our heroic neighbors are. In the pettiest locality they get up some parody of a theatre or some imitative Mabil e. I am bound to say, however, that our Salle d'Artois was a considerable ornament to our avenue, which converged, like many other identical avennes close by, to the main boulevard, and the perpetual *rond point*. There was a revolving gate to the salle, or jardin, before which the inevitable gendarme lounged, and on each side there was a bowery expanse of foliage, and in the foliage were niched statues, claspedly holding lamps that shed a mild, seductive lustre. The general notion conveyed by the whole was that this illuminated pathway led you on to some ideal hall of dazzling delight; but we knew by the view from our back windows that the place was a mere barn, and that it belonged to that numerous class of entertainments of which the best part is to be seen on the outside and for nothing. A very moderate price—half a franc, I think—would give admission, and of this half franc half was to be returned to the ticket-holder in the way of *consummation*. It was, in fact, a mushroom sort of concert or casino place, of which so many spring up in the outskirts of Paris, and which provided a kind of rough entertainment for local patrons who wanted to do things cheap, and to be saved a journey into Paris.

The salle might be necessary for those people in *Les Ternes* who insisted upon some kind of amusement every night, and who, rather than not have it, would shoot for nuts or ride on horses in a whirligig. We Britishers do not require much amusement—and when we take it, we like it of the very best. I don't know how often I had passed the alluring portal of the salle with its colored lights. I don't know how often I hadn't had the benefit of its rapid dance music. But I can truly say that the remotest intention of visiting this choice place of amusement never crossed my mind. Neither can I explain to myself up to this day how I ever came to do so.

I remember that it had been very hot all that day; that I had stopped at home trying all sorts of combinations with ice and eau de Seltz, which had the invariable effect of making things in general much hotter; that in the evening I had gone to two or three places where that day was the reception-day; that I had come back, and, as my custom was, had smoked and taken coffee, looked through the "Mouiteur du Soir" and "Le Petit Journal," favorite publications in our economical quarter of the city. After that, in the cool of the evening, I took my little constitutional turn round the garden, smelling the wall-flowers that were our chief horticultural ornament. Then I paused. It was *onze heures*. Being a man of regular habits, as an ordinary matter I should have gone in-doors, have tampered with my constitution with some more iced effervescing drink, and composed myself towards slumber with a book. But the music was crashing so emphatically that, to the dismay of the concierge, who, relying on my regular habits, had gone to bed, I sallied forth into the boulevard. "I declare," I said to myself, "I will look up our little salle to-night. There's nobody who will know me. And I've heard the music so often that they ought to see the color of my money."

Near the entrance there was a narrow lane—about a stone's throw off. I think I see it now—narrow, and so dark from the huge buildings that lined it. And in the lane that night—I remember it so well—was a private cabriolet, with a dark-colored panel, and two servants in livery, waiting in a leisurely way, as servants wait who have waited long and have long to wait. Then I paid my coin, and the enchanted portal received me. I advanced up the fairy path, which came to an abrupt termination at the first curve. I emerged on a mere shed, uncovered and opening on a bit of ground, the general effect being entirely sordid, the sordid effect harmonising with all the accompaniments. There was some dancing going on, of an irregular and free-and-easy kind, a few only indulging in terpsichorean vagaries, while many more, seated at little or long tables, looked critically on. Not a few men were in blouses, and some women in caps, a genuine *ouvriere* class, which had been working hard all day, steadily looking forward to their evening's relaxation. Then there were some very dressy young men, with companions equally ornamented. Cigars and cigarettes were freely going. Beer appeared to be the popular beverage—the black beer or the biere de Strasburg, or that cheap fizzing beer of Paris which I suppose a good restaurant would hardly admit. Such as had Bordeaux, or vin ordinaire, were mollifying it with water and sugar. There were also one or two cadaverous men who even at that hour were partaking of the infernal absinthe. One young man I especially noticed, who was very quietly dressed, but whose very superior appearance seemed tacitly recognised. He was smoking a cigarette and sipping some maraschino.

Then the band played a fine piece of music, and played it finely too; an overture to some little-known opera of Rossini's. Afterwards one of the band went round collecting coins in a saucer—another evidence of the lowly aims of the establishment. I gave largesse, remembering that this was not the first of my obligations to the musicians. The maraschino man, whose offering was expected with ill-repressed anxiety, dropped in the delicate, glittering, slight five-franc gold piece. Presently a functionary announced that Mademoiselle Rose would favor the company with a song, and there was the heavy thud or knock which in France so ungracefully announces a new phase in an entertainment.

When Mademoiselle came forward I gave a start; for if ever Mademoiselle was equivalent to Miss, it was so here. And when she began to sing, though the pronunciation was French, the accent was English. She sang sweetly, but without much force, as sentimental a French song as such an audience could be expected to bear. I watched her face with much anxiety. It was a very pretty face, and, to my pleased astonishment, it had an expression of goodness and honesty about it, on which I am afraid I had no right to count in such a place and amid such a company. Her dress was fastened up to her throat, close fitting, and very neat and simple. Her manner was altogether lady-like—not the imitation lady-like of many minor professionals, but genuinely and unaffectedly so. I confess I began to entertain a very lively feeling of interest for the young cantatrice. I thought I should be glad to make her acquaintance. My motive was entirely Platonic and philanthropic. I belong to the uninteresting order of Benedicts, and my notion was that I should like my wife to make friends with this young girl, who perhaps had no English friends, and who was certainly very unfavorably situated, and save her from what I felt must be a miasmatic moral atmosphere.

When she had finished singing, she made her curtsey and took her seat at a little table near the buffet of the salon. It appeared, then, that she was not likely to retire to a green-room—indeed it was hard to see where anything at all corresponding to a green-room might have a geographical position—but, with an opera cloak thrown over her shoulders, continued an object of public admiration. I moved towards her table, and, relying on the integrity of my intentions, was about to make a self-introduction to her. I was anticipated, however, by the gentleman whom I had noticed as the only gentleman in the place, who finished his maraschino, threw away his cigarette, and came over and sat by her side. She gave him a winning smile of welcome—they were evidently no strangers—and entered into that close conversation that would evidently tolerate no intrusion. They were talking French, which she evidently understood quite well. I waited a little longer, in the expectation that she might sing again, but there were no signs that this was likely to happen. Then, as it drew towards midnight, I left the place.

But somehow I did not care to turn in even then. I paced up and down the boulevard, smoking my cigar in the balmy starlight night. Several times I passed the entry of the jardin. The people were coming out, and by-and-by they came out in a considerable number. Then I knew the entertainment was come to a close. The carriage was still standing at the entry of the dark narrow lane, but the servants were manifestly getting under weigh for departure. I went leisurely along to the end of the avenue, and then turned once more, taking the same path. The carriage had now emerged from the lane into the boulevard, but was creeping on at a very slow pace, and presently became stationary. Turning up from the boulevard into the avenue, I came suddenly on a young girl and a man close by a bench beneath some linden trees. They were not sitting, but standing. They did not vouchsafe me any notice, but I recognised at once the songstress of the evening and the gentlemanly young Frenchman. She was leaning her head on his shoulder, and sobbing grievously as if her heart would burst. To me it seemed—but the action was so momentary that I could not be sure—that he was pointing with his hand towards the carriage that was now within sight. Of course I could not venture to say a word, or even to pause, but as I walked very deliberately past them, I heard a convulsive sob, and then in English, in a low tone—quite a whisper—

"*Oh, no, no! It cannot be until Friday!*"

When I again turned back to resume my customary round, the door of the cabriolet was being opened by a servant, and methought it was the same young man who was entering, but I could not be certain. The young girl was sitting absorbed in thought on a bench—not the same bench, but another higher up the avenue. With a sudden impulse I moved to address her, and rspectfully raised my hat. As soon as she saw me, an expression of the greatest terror passed into her face, and she arose, and fled like lightning down the boulevard, and was soon lost amid the stems of trees.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND WHISPER.

I confess that, before I went to sleep that night, my mind was full of speculations on this little scene. At first I was full of commiseration about this young girl, concerning whom it was quite clear that she was lonely, and that she was unhappy. Next my imaginative faculty set to work weaving a tissue of romance to suit the somewhat strange events that I had witnessed. I mentally resolved that I would make a point of dropping in at the Salle d'Artois for the next few nights, and observe how matters in general were progressing. In the morning, over the practical business of *dejeuner a la fourchette*, the little romance of last night lost all its coloring. There was nothing so remarkable that an English girl should be singing at a place of entertainment, that she should have a French sweetheart, and that her French sweetheart should make her cry. I had no business in the world to obtain a surreptitious view of those tears. Then I did not see how I could carry my evening's investigations any further. That night we were going out to dinner to meet at the apartment of some English friends who invariably kept us very late. The night following we had the offer of a private box at the Theatre Francais—an offer too good to be refused. I must postpone any inquiry, or rather let the matter drop altogether. Everybody gets familiar with the experience of letting a thing drop. There is some clue to a difficulty, but we cannot carry it out; some fresh pursuit, but we have no time to prosecute it; an interesting correspondence, but we must give it up; a new introduction, but we cannot stay to see whither it may lead; and as grapes, hanging so high that we don't care to take the trouble of climbing for them, are probably sour, I told myself that the salle was a brutal hole not worth entering again, and that anything I thought remarkable about the girl was simply the result of my own frivolous fancy.

I may as well tell the reader what was my business and mode of life in Paris. I was a journalist, doing French work for English papers and English work for French papers. I occupied the dignified position of Paris correspondent to the "Coketown Daily Press," a flaming radical diurnal journal which was published in one of our great industrial centres. The proprietors insisted that I should give my casual conversations with great ministers of state, and retail all the gossip that I might hear at the Imperial ball at the Tuileries. As a matter of fact, I very rarely went *au chateau*, and my visits were limited to occasions when, the court being absent from Paris, I obtained the usual order to go over the palace. Still I occasionally played a game of billiards with one of the attaches of our embassy, and I also knew a set of journalists to whom lists of political information occasionally oozed out. One of them, being of a metaphysical tone of mind, told me that he could "project himself" into any political situation, and, having arrived at all the data at command, he thought himself justified in making details out of his own inventive faculty. Availing myself of these hints, I proclaimed to my Coketown constituents plans of the Emperor for promoting the gradual growth of constitutionalism and the gradual approach of his frontiers to the Rhine. For the Parisian journal I edited and expounded the English news, and occasionally wrote an article on any subject of interest that might arrive.

To any one familiar with the tear and fret, the hurry and worry of a London newspaper, the change to Parisian journalism was most delightful. My paper was an evening paper, and that saved the night-work. Occasionally, if it was a saint's day or fete day, and the workmen wanted a holiday, we omitted our usual issue, and it did not make much difference. Then the way of transacting business was highly pleasing to the journalistic temperament. The hours between eleven and one are perhaps the busiest to our nation of shopkeepers; but to the Parisians it is a time of great ease and negligence. They take their breakfasts at cafes, and afterwards peruse the papers, sip *le petit verre*, and ogle the women that pass by. If I wanted to find my newspaper manager, M. Alphonse Kock, about midday, I knew that I had only to go to a certain cafe on the Boulevard des Italiens, and I should find him picking his grapes or smoking his cigarette with a glass of liqueur by his side. It was about noon that I thus sought *mon cher ami*, Alphonse, to see if he wanted a few paragraphs for his evening issue, or could give me any sparkling items whereby the "Coketown Daily Express" might astonish the provincial mind.

"There's a girl run away from a convent," he said. "They brought a paragraph to the office last night. You English people always like to know any scandal about a convent."

"There's a good deal of scandal about them at times," I said, argumentatively.

"Ah yes, perhaps, poor little beggars!" said Alphonse. "I don't think it does for us to notice this sort of thing in our paper. Catholic opinion is, after all, very strong in Paris."

"Anything very sensational?" I inquired. "Did the superior have her whipped and kept on bread and water? did some gendarme, through a grating, espy her in a dungeon? did some one pick up a piece of linen torn from her night-dress, with an imploring entreaty written in blood?"

"Oh, no," said Alphonse, laughing; "you will not have to write another chapter of the 'Mysteries of Paris.' It is some convent where there is a large and good school, but they don't say the name of it. If I recollect aright, it was neither novice nor nun, but some teacher, who had a right to go out a good deal, and went out one day and didn't come back. It's rather a spiteful paragraph, and calculated to get up a little scandal and gos-ip, but the ground won't do for us to tread on. But will you have the paragraph?"

But as the paragraph did not seem to be sensational, I declined the offer, and was soon at work on the funds and the Suez Canal, and, what was a still more important matter, inquiring whether the Empress really intended to put down the chignon, a point on which Coketown would naturally feel very anxious.

So I went about my usual avocations that day, and that matter of last night had quite faded away from my mind. It was my custom in those days to go and hear the band play in the gardens of the Tuileries. This lasted from five to six o'clock. It was a pleasant conclusion to the labors of the day, and gave plenty of time to dress for dinner afterwards. You paid two sous for your chair, and then a seat was provided for you in that open circular space in the midst of which the band was stationed. You heard the music better, to be sure, and you had a seat; but the heat was not so much mitigated as if you were in one of the alleys directly under the trees. The sun was very fierce that summer day, and I was driven to give up my seat. I went to a tree where I could rest myself partially, and also peruse a programme, being, as I call myself, "constitutionally tired," which my enemies construe as being "habitually lazy." In the path behind me two ladies were pacing restlessly about. Once or twice they would pause, apparently to listen to the music, and then at once they resumed an eager conversation with which the music had nothing to do. I confess that I had a momentary feeling of irritation against these ladies. If people don't care for music, why do they come to musical places? They were my own countrywomen, and I morosely thought that only English people would be guilty of such bad taste. What business had they there chatting and jabbering instead of listening to the music?

Paris was at this time overflowing with English visitors, though many of the French residents were away. The legislative sittings were just coming to a conclusion. But as those two Englishwomen once more promenaded down the path, they hardly appeared to be summer visitants belonging to any excursion of pleasure. I had done them an injustice. It was not mere "chat and jabber," as I had termed it. On the face of at least one of them there was an expression of terrible anxiety. The eye was wild, and the arm wildly struck out almost in an attitude of despair. As they once more passed by me, the elder one was speaking, and I heard her say, in a compressed whisper of intense emotion, "*I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with any Frenchman.*"

So saying, they turned abruptly from the alley, and went through a deserted path in the direction of the river.

CHAPTER III.

THE THIRD WHISPER.

The next night my wife and I and the young attache were at the Theatre Francais, at the Palais Royal, occupying a state box.

This was not one of the little amenities, as might be supposed, of journalism. The box had been lent to the embassy, and the embassy had given it to the attache, and the attache had placed it at our disposal, subject to the pleasant condition of his own excellent company.

It was a most delicious box, such as you often get in Paris, but never in London. The London box retreats into baroness, ugliness, and shadow; but behind the sittings in this box there was a perfect miniature little drawing-room—a salon, cosy with couches and glittering with mirrors, where any number of one's friends might come round and chat between the acts.

The *parterre* was quite filled, not, as in the London pit, with a plentiful sprinkling of women and children, but with a critical audience of staid men, including, doubtless, a troop of *claqueurs;* but, nevertheless, sure to give eventually a clear discerning verdict on the merits of a new piece. It was a great night at the Francais. There was a new piece by an eminent author, and this was also the *debut* of a new pupil. Consequently, the house was completely filled, and M. Alphonse Kock and his backers were there in great force that night.

The actress was a great success; she was one who, all her industrious and innocent life, had been working for and looking forward to this night. The piece was so good that in a very brief time it was plagiarized for the London and New York stage.

In the interval between the third and fourth acts, I had taken up my lorgnette and glanced through the house, and in the stage-box I saw the aristocratic young fellow who had been talking with the pretty English singing-girl at the Salle d'Artois.

That had been on the Monday night. On the Tuesday night we had been out to dinner as I had mentioned. On Wednesday I had been concocting my lucubrations for the Coketown daily paper, which heard "from our own correspondent" (great emphasis on the *own*), and to-day we were having this dramatic treat at the Francais.

"Do you know," I said to the attache, "who that man is in the upper stage-box opposite, with the bouquet, which I suppose he designs for Mademoiselle Reine?"

"Very likely," returned my diplomatic friend. "Papillon will be quite in love with Mademoiselle Reine. He's a terrible fellow, they say. Would you like to know him?" he continued. "I can introduce you presently. I shall meet him at supper on the boulevards."

"Who is he?" I said.

"Don't you know him? he belongs to the Jockey Club, and is quite a great man just now. His father made all his money on the Bourse; but he is aristocratic-looking enough for the Faubourg St. Germain."

"He is one of the Imperialist lot, then, I suppose; a new man and a rich?"

"Oh, yes, he is rich enough, if he doesn't gamble it all away. He has got money and his wife has money."

"You don't mean to tell me that that young fellow is married?"

"Oh, yes, he is. But when his wife has had a month or two at Paris he sends her home into Normandy, and stays on as a bachelor. Lots of men do that. Paris is so expensive that they cut the season down as much as they can."

"Is he a nice fellow?"

"Nice enough, according to Paris notions; but not very nice according to your English notions. A selfish lot, I expect. Very gentlemanly, but all on the surface, like most of them."

I am very punctual and domestic as a rule, but having seen this young fellow under such very different circumstances the other night, I felt a curiosity to meet him. I accordingly accepted the attache's offer to go with him to the supper at the Maison Doree.

I put my wife safely into the carriage which we had waiting for us, and strolled with my friend, the Honorable Mr. R——, along the boulevards to the cafe where we should meet Papillon. There were one or two men from the Jockey Club there, the successful dramatist of the evening, and the attache with some diplomatic friends, who relieved the labors of the chancellerie with social relaxation at the Maison Doree.

The supper was pleasant enough, as little Parisian suppers always are. But it is unnecessary that I should speak of it unless in reference to our gay young friend, Monsieur Papillon.

I was introduced to him, and he received me with the utmost *empressement*. His smile and his shrug were of the stereotyped Parisian character. I acknowledged, however, that his handsome face, his rich complexion, and his kindling eye would very probably make him a lady-killer, and his slightly-broken English speech, which on the whole he spoke exceedingly well, and his foreign accent would prove little hindrance to his killing English ladies. It was easy to see, from the little he said in conversation, that he was devoted to pleasure and had an utter abnegation of all principle. And so much is this the ordinary state of things in Paris, that I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be for the ultimate good of the world that Paris might be held beneath the Atlantic Ocean for a quarter of an hour.

Monsieur Papillon stared rather hard at me, as if haunted by some recollection of my face, but apparently he could not identify it. I had a momentary thought of reminding him of the Salle d'Artois; but, less from any reasonings on the subject than from an instinct, I mentally decided that it would be better not to do so.

He was certainly the most juvenile and joyous of Benedicts, and wore his married chains as lightly as if they were roses. He made one or two jocular allusions of "madame ma femme," stowed away safely in the department of Calvados. As supper became prolonged, Monsieur Papillon said he would send away his carriage. Presently he told one of the waiters to send his servant in to him. At once a rather ill-looking fellow entered, whom I immediately recognised as having seen the other night amusing himself with the coachman while the carriage was waiting in that dark by-street in *Les Ternes*.

Monsieur Papillon beckoned the man to him and spoke quietly a few words, in that quiet subdued tone in which people speak to servants when they do not wish to attract attention or to disturb company. Now it so happened that I sat next but one to this gentleman, my diplomatic young friend being interposed between us. I confess that I leaned back in my chair, and using him, as far as I could, as a screen, I sought to make out anything he might be saying. The attache spoke to me, and I gave him a mechanical answer. I strained every nerve to hear what I could of that whispered conversation. At last, slightly raising his voice, but without departing from a whisper, he said—

"*Remember—the Maison Dupont at Fontainbleau.*"

Soon after I departed. The fun of the party was growing too fast and furious for me. I was very married, and not able to regard connubial ties so slightly as that butterfly Papillon. It was a point of minor morals with me that I should get to bed by midnight. At midnight also the Salle d'Artois closed. Somehow there was an impulse on my mind that I would go and survey the ground and see what the pretty English singer was doing with herself.

A *voiture* took me quickly, and I arrived at the suburban place of amusement a good twenty minutes before it closed. But the company was thinning, and in a moment I saw that the principal person I sought was not there. I took some refreshment, and then tried, not unsuccessfully, to imitate the ways of those people who make a point of maintaining friendly relations with waiters and proprietors, in the cafes they frequent.

"Had mademoiselle, the pretty Englishwoman, been singing that night?"

"Yes, but she was gone. She was gone at eleven hours."

"Would she be there to-morrow night?"

"No—this was her last night. Her engagement was terminated."

"How was that?" I asked next. "She sang very nicely. Did not monsieur the proprietor think so?"

"Yes, certainly, she did sing very well—for an Englishwoman. But the public required novelties, and it did not do to keep the same singer long before them."

"Had she been there very long?"

"Not very long."

Here the man went away, and to my mind he did not seem to care to discuss the merits of the young lady who had just passed away from his employ.

That night I looked amid the contents of the parcel which M. Kock had sent me from the office for the paragraph to which he had referred, but I could not find it.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINBLEAU.

The next morning while I was dressing, I took a sheet of paper and wrote down the three whispers which I had overheard in the course of the last three days.

They were, of course—

(a) "*Oh no, no. It cannot be until Friday.*"

(b) "*I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with any Frenchman.*"

(c) "*Remember—the Maison Dupont at Fontainbleau.*"

The curious notion had somehow wrought itself into my mind, that it was possible that these three overheard whispers might stand in a certain relation and connection to each other.

It was just possible, but the chances were utterly against the truth of such a theory. There was indeed a certain speciousness in the idea. It might not be difficult to invent a framework of circumstances into which these three whispers might be tesselated and inwrought. But it was much more easy to suppose that the different whispers belonged to different sets of circumstances standing in no sort of connection to each other. Of course, on any doctrine of chances, the odds were tremendously against the theory of any such correlation as I was supposing. Taking the three sentences in their chronological consecutiveness, what on earth could a Friday have to do with an elopement, from a convent—and what on earth could an elopement from a convent have to do with any particular locality at Fontainbleau? And how extremely unlikely it must be that a gay, frivolous, and not over-reputable place like the Salle d'Artois could stand in any sort of connection with the staid solemnity of a convent! I had indeed, it is true, certain information, beyond those whispers which might have a possible connection with their subject-matter. There had certainly been an escape from a convent. Here Kock's newspaper paragraph possibly corroborated and identified the second whisper. But I could not see in what possible connection the remark (b) could stand to (a) and (c). It was possible that (a) and (c) might stand in a definite relationship. The chances of a coincidence between the two were immeasurably better than the chances of a coincidence between the three. The existence of that charming gentleman Monsieur Papillon was a connecting link between the two. Was it also possible that his existence could be adumbrated in the second whisper? *i. e.*, "I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with a Frenchman." And now the subject, which had been gradually growing on my mind, made me feel quite hot and feverish. It seemed to me that some woeful drama was being enacted that day in which, quite involuntarily, I was called upon to play a principal part. And this very day, of which the golden moments were slipping away so fast, was Friday, the day on which something was to happen, the scene of which was laid at Fontainbleau. I flung down impatiently a set of numbers, which had just

come in by post, of the "Coketown Daily Press," although they contained some choice examples of my most careful observations and reasonings in politics.

"There is sometimes," I said to my wife, "a destiny in the over-hearing of whispers. Do you remember the cranes of Ibycus?"

But my wife did not recollect the cranes of Ibycus.

"Ibycus," I said, "was a poet, who, travelling through a wild country, fell in company with two evilly-disposed men, who set upon him to rob and murder him, in which design they succeeded only too well. The dying poet looked around for succor, but saw nothing but some cranes hovering in the air. 'Oh! ye cranes,' he said, 'avenge Ibycus!' A month or two later his two murderers were in an open-air theatre, and some cranes were visible not far off. 'Behold,' whispered one man to another, 'the cranes of Ibycus!' Now this remark was overheard. Ibycus was bound to this city, and there was surprise and consternation that he had not arrived. It was manifest that these two men, whose physiognomy was probably hardly in their favor, knew something about Ibycus. They were seized, examined separately, and the truth coming out, were both executed. Now these providential cranes brought murderers to justice. But it is manifest, my dear, that the casual overhearing of a speech was the moving cause of the discovery, though the cranes have always absorbed the credit."

"Well," said my wife, "your overheard whispers gave a time, which is to-day, and a locality, which is Fontainbleau. There may be something worse than murder going on. Why don't you go down to Fontainbleau to-day?"

I was astonished at the direct simplicity of this suggestion, which had not occurred to my mind.

"Because," I answered, "I don't see how a convent can have anything to do with Friday or with Fontainbleau."

"But I thought you gentlemen, if you had a lot of data, did not mind having an *x* in it, but sought to solve its value in an equation."

This was really clever in the wife, and I thought there was something clever in the notion. Still I was by no means prepared to fling away a day on spec and make perchance a bootless excursion. "But don't wait dinner," was my *ultimatum*, "for after all I might go down to Fontainbleau."

I presently gained the knifeboard of the Courbevoir omnibus and took three sous' worth of danger down to the Louvre. Then I continued to walk down the Rue Rivoli, bethinking myself that it was all in the direction of the railway station whence I must start for Fontainbleau.

But how astonished I was when, just as I had gained the beautiful tower of St. Jacques, I came upon the very two women who had so greatly interested me in the garden of the Tuileries the day before yesterday.

Without the delay of a second, I advanced to them and took off my hat. I turned to the elder one, who still had evident marks of grief and agitation on her countenance, and said—

"Madam, will you allow me to speak to you for a few minutes on a very important matter?"

She gave a little shriek.

"It must be about Clara, Mrs. Burns. Oh, sir, tell me where is my daughter?"

I asked them if they would step across the road, and enter into the little enclosure around the Tower. We sat down on one of the pleasant benches close by Pascal's statue. The air was scented with flowers, the little children were playing about with their *bonnes*, and there was the fountain's musical ripple.

"Is your daughter," I asked, "a tall, handsome girl—sings well—has fair hair and complexion, but dark eyes—about nineteen?"

"It must be she. It is the very same. Oh, sir! where is she?"

But I was phlegmatically obliged to say that I had not the least idea of her whereabouts.

They were so downcast at this that I ventured to explain that I thought it possible we might be put on the right track to find her. Then I soon succeeded in getting their little story from them.

The elder lady was the widow of a London merchant, who, having always kept up a costly and luxurious establishment, had left his family only poorly off, owing to a great depreciation in the value of his property. There were several daughters, and it was necessary that at least one or two of them should become governesses, which was hard upon girls who were accustomed to a gay, and rather fast life. Mrs. Burns, an Anglo-Parisian friend of Mrs. Broadhurst's, had suggested to her that her daughter should enter a Dominican convent, where a school was kept, on what are called in England "mutual terms." The young lady was to give lessons in English, and receive some lessons in French. Board and lodging were to be provided for her, but no stipend was to be given. After a time Miss Clara Broadhurst grew exceedingly dissatisfied with her position. The early hours and the plain fare of the convent did not suit her. She had a great notion that she deserved a stipend. She had also a great notion that she had better go upon the stage, or that she might do well as a singer at public concerts. Although the living at the convent was so plain, and the rules so stringent, Miss Broadhurst was not called upon in any degree to be treated as a Roman Catholic inmate would be treated; and all her school work being finished in the morning, she had full range of liberty between the early dinner and the early tea. There appeared to be no doubt but a great deal of this time was spent in the Bois de Boulogne. It appeared that she had made several undesirable acquaintances in Paris, in the case of English and French ladies against whom Mrs. Burns could not actually allege anything, but of whom she disapproved as companions of the daughter of her friend. Latterly Miss Broadhurst had been dropping hints to her mother that she had an opening in life much more to her taste than teaching in a French convent. Then her letters grew rarer, and then they ceased. Later still she disappeared from the convent. She had gone out one afternoon as usual, and had never come back. It had evidently been a step studiously contemplated, for all her clothing and effects, for some days past, had gradually been in course of removal.

[I may here state, what subsequently transpired—that she had obtained an engagement to sing at the Salle d'Artois. I was never able rightly to make out whether she had formed the acquaintance of Monsieur Papillon previous to or during this musical engagement, but have reason to suspect that the former was the case.]

Mrs. Broadhurst had immediately been telegraphed for by her friend Mrs. Burns to come to Paris; and in a state almost of distraction she had been making inquiries everywhere in Paris about her daughter, but had not hitherto met with any success in the search.

Such is the brief outline of the hurried story which they told me, and they now looked impatiently towards me to see what consolation or guidance I could offer them. My own mind was in a state of utter incertitude. I was uncertain even on the question of identification—whether the girl I had seen was really the Clara Broadhurst who was missing. But here they were positive, and would allow no expression of doubt. I then told my trembling and astonished listeners that, assuming the identity, I knew that their Clara was intimate, and apparently deeply in love with a Frenchman; that I had heard her mention this present Friday to him in a way that looked like an assignation with him; that I knew that on this very day her engagement to sing in public terminated; and I also knew that on this very day the Frenchman was going down to Fontainbleau. The almost irresistible inference was that she was going to accompany him to that place. I also told them that it was my intention to go to Fontainbleau that very day; but I did not think it necessary to say that I was going there simply on account of the young lady unknown, for then they might be building still higher expectations that might prove fallacious. I discovered that if we moved off at once we should be in time for an early a train as Monsieur Papillon was at all likely to take. We caught our train, and in about three quarters of an hour I and my two sudden and unexpected companions arrived at Fontainbleau.

The reader will probably recollect that long straight road, with its rows of straight trees, between the station and the town of Fontainbleau. We looked eagerly to see who might be our companions in the train; but no one whom I could recognize alighted at the station. When we got into the town, and had alighted at an ugly-looking hotel, I persuaded them to have some refreshment, and I endeavored to calm Mrs. Broadhurst's intense nervous excitement. Then I lighted a cigar, and strolled about, settling our plan of operations. My first object was to discover where the Maison Dupont might happen to be. I easily ascertained that it was a very respectable boarding-house, kept by M. Dupont, a respectable and responsible man, situated about twenty minutes' ride from the town, on the verge of the forest. Finding that some hours must elapse before the arrival of the next train, I persuaded them to visit the palace and grounds; showed them the spot where the first Napoleon kissed the eagles, and took his farewell; showed them the pond where the third Napoleon tumbled topsy-turvy among the great carp; pointed out the Empress's gondola, which I believed was the very same that Lord Byron had used at Venice, and, in fact, exhausted all my little store of Napoleonic reminiscences. The ladies, however, were hardly in a state of mind that permitted them to do justice to my agreeable and improving vein of anecdote. I thought it best, therefore, to dismiss all notions of sight-seeing, and confine ourselves strictly to the immediate business of the day. Mrs. Broadhurst and I were immediately to proceed to the Maison Dupont, and Mrs. Burns was to return to the station and watch for the runaways. It was curious how the impression that they would arrive had now become rooted in our minds.

We drove leisurely to the locality that had been indicated to me, obtaining glimpses of flowery spaces and deep forest glades. When we arrived at the Maison Dupont, we were ushered into the pleasant presence of Madame Dupont, and, as I had agreed with my companion, I took charge of this sufficiently difficult and embarrassing business.

I asked Madame Dupont if she had any room for any more inmates.

Madame Dupont was very full and was expecting fresh arrivals. Still there was one chamber unoccupied.

Mrs. Broadhurst at once said that she would be glad to engage the room for herself.

Might I ask who were the new arrivals? We were daily expecting some friends of ours who were going to sketch in the forest.

She thought it was for a gentleman and his sister. The name was Bertrand. Her two best bed-rooms were taken for them, by telegraph. They had also wanted a private sitting-room, but she had only the use of the public rooms to offer them, but for the day at least they would have these rooms pretty well to themselves.

I will now put down in chronological order the few remarkable events of that afternoon.

Good Mrs. Burns waited for many anxious hours at that uninteresting station. It had been arranged that if they came and proceeded anywhere else than to the Maison Dupont she should follow them, and at once communicate with us by a messenger. But if they went to the Maison Dupont her mission was at an end, and she was to return to the hotel, where we would communicate with her.

The eight o'clock train from Paris duly arrived, and then, sure as fate, Mrs. Burns recognised her young acquaintance, Clara Broadhurst, leaning on the arm of a young dandified Frenchman.

"Why, Clara," said the good lady, "what brings you here, and how d'ye do? They told me that you had returned to England. Didn't you like the convent?"

"Madame," said Clara, very haughtily, and speaking in French, "I am sorry that I have no time to speak to you now. I may tell you that I am engaged to marry this gentleman, Monsieur Bertrand, of Marseilles, and have come here on a visit to some of his friends."

The gentleman had calmly ignored the stout English lady, and was hailing a voiture. Clara made a curtsey and swept past her. Mrs. Burns was petrified with astonishment. But she heard the word Dupont in the direction.

When Monsieur and his interesting companion arrived at the Maison Dupont, they were met by the smiling landlady, who told them that she was very sorry that she had no private room for them. There was only a gentleman in the *salon*, and she understood that he was going almost directly, as soon as he had done some little business for a friend.

There was a gentleman sitting at the window, with his hat in one hand and that day's "Galignani" in the other. This individual was the esteemed Paris correspondent of the "Coketown Daily Express."

As he entered I rose from my seat and faced him. "Ah, Monsieur Papillon," I exclaimed, "I am so happy; what an extraordinary encounter! I had the pleasure of meeting you in very agreeable company last night on the Boulevards."

He shook hands with me hurriedly and gave a forced laugh. "*Vous avez tort, Monsieur.* I am M. Bertrand, of Marseilles, much at your service. What do you say—Papillon? it is one good joke. They call me that because I am light-hearted."

"Just as you like," I answered; "it is of no importance; but I don't think our mutual friend, the Hon. Mr. B., of the English Embassy, would take such a liberty with either of us as to make an introduction under false colors."

I noticed that he bit his lips and appeared greatly disgusted. His companion turned first towards him and then towards me her large, inquiring eyes.

"Ah, B., he is what you do call one funny dog."

"And so are you, Monsieur Papillon," I answered. "But how is madame, your wife—and the charming little infant in Calvados?"

He changed color very much, and muttered a *mille tonnerres*. Then he seized his companion's resisting hand, and said, smilingly, "*Voila, madame.*"

"No, no, no," I said, laughingly. "That is not Madame Papillon. Unless I am greatly mistaken, that is *Miss Clara Broadhurst.*"

She started up, almost as if shot. "Oh! sir, and do you know me? And is not this gentleman M. Bertrand, of Marseilles?"

"My child," I answered, "his name is Papillon. He is a member of the Jockey Club at Paris. His place is in the north of France, where he has left his wife."

She cast on him a look of the most indignant reproach. Then she burst into a flood of tears and began to moan. "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? My mother, my poor mother! Oh, I wish I had never come to Paris! Oh, my mother, where are you?"

"I am here, my child," said Mrs. Broadhurst, and she calmly glided from the *petite salon* adjoining, and folded her weeping daughter in her arms.

When I went up to Paris a few hours later by the night mail, among the gentlemen in the smoking compartment I recognized, with much satisfaction, my young friend, M. Papillon. He was very affable, and offered me a light.

Miss Clara Broadhurst afterwards sang in a London concert-room. After a very short term of professional life, however, she married a very worthy man. I wonder, however, whether he—or indeed either of them—altogether knew about the curious incident of the *Three Overheard Whispers.*

OUT ON THE MOON-LIT LAKE.

BY T. W. RICH.

Who does not love, on a calm summer night,
To row o'er the lake 'neath the moon's pale light,
With a boat full of laughing, fun-loving girls,
With rose-tinted cheeks and long flaxen curls,
And velvety lips of a carmine hue,
And eyes that are bright as the sun-lit dew?

As gayly onward our little boat glides,
Scattering the sparkling spray from her sides,
With laugh and shout we the echoes awake
'Mong the hills that surround the beautiful lake;
And our hearts overflow with pleasure and mirth,
And our thoughts are weaned from the cares of earth.

Who does not love, while we rest on our oars,
To watch the bright wavelets that play on the shores,
And list to the softly murmuring breeze,
That gently rustles the leaves of the trees,
And lightly plays with the ribbons and hair
Of the girls beside us with faces so fair?

Almost unheeded the moments pass by,
And the moon rides high in the starry sky;
Still o'er the waters our boat swiftly glides,
Tossing the pearl-drops away from her sides;
And our song still keeps the echoes awake,
While gayly we row o'er the moon-lit lake.

—*Brooklyn Monthly.*

Noble Old Towser.

A Newfoundland dog, belonging to a family in one of the Southern States, had rescued one of his master's daughters from drowning. The family were about to proceed in a schooner to St. Augustine. They had embarked, and the vessel was swinging off from the pier, when the dog was missed. They whistled and called, but no dog appeared. The captain became restive, swore he would wait no longer, gave the order, and the craft swept along the waters with a spanking breeze, and was soon a quarter of a mile from the shore. The girl and her father were standing at the stern of the vessel looking back upon the city, which they had probably left forever, when suddenly Towser was seen running down to the edge of the wharf with something in his mouth. With a glass they discovered that it was his master's pocket-handkerchief, which had been dropped somewhere on the road to the vessel, and which he now recollected, with some compunctions of conscience, he had sent his shaggy servant back to look after. The dog looked piteously around upon the bystanders, then at the retreating vessel, and leaped boldly into the water. His master immediately pointed out the noble animal to the captain, and requested him to throw his vessel into the wind until the dog could near them. He also offered a large sum if he would drop his boat and pick him up; told him of the manner in which he had preserved the life of his daughter, and again offered him the price of a passage if he would save the faithful creature. The girl joined her entreaties to those of her father, and implored that her early friend might be rescued. But the captain was a savage; he was deaf to every appeal of humanity, kept obstinately on his course; and the *better animal of the two* followed the vessel until, his strength exhausted, and his generous heart chilled by despair, he sank among the more merciful billows.—*Chambers's Journal.*

☞ In selecting methods of exercise every person should be guided by his own individual taste. The exercise which is most agreeable is, as a general thing, most beneficial. So, as a rule, the food which is best enjoyed is best digested.

☞ Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the [illegible]

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XIX.

DON TORRIBIO'S HOUSE.

Don Sylvio d'Arenal, so soon as his sword slipped from his grasp, and he fell by the side of the capataz, gave no signs of life. The masked men, despising Blas Sallazar, went up to Dona Concha's betrothed husband. The pallid hues of death clouded his handsome, noble face; his teeth were clenched under his half-parted lips; the blood flowed profusely from his wounds, and his closed hand still clutched the hilt of his sword, which had been broken in the fight.

"*Caspita!*" one of the bandits remarked, "here is a young gentleman who is very ill; what will the master say?"

"What would you have him say, Senor Panchito?" another objected. "He defended himself like a maddened panther; it is his own fault; he ought to have been more polite to us. We have lost four men."

"A fine loss, on my word—those scamps!" Panchito said, with a shrug of his shoulders; "I should have preferred his killing six and being in a better condition himself."

"Hang it," the bandit muttered, "that is kind towards us."

"Present parties excepted," Panchito added with a laugh; "but quick, bind up his wounds and let us be off. This is not a proper place for us, and besides the master is waiting for us."

Don Sylvio's wounds were bathed and bound up somehow or another; and, without troubling themselves whether he was dead or alive, they laid him across the horse of Panchito, the leader of this expedition. The dead remained on the spot as a prey for the wild beasts. The other masked men set out at a gallop, and at the expiration of two hours halted in front of the Cave of the Cougouars, where Nocobotha and Pincheira were waiting for them.

"Well," the former shouted to them as soon as he saw them.

"The job is done," Panchito answered laconically, as he got off his horse, and laid Don Sylvio on a bed of leaves.

"Is he dead?" Nocobotha asked, turning pale.

"Not much better," the gaucho answered, with a shake of his head.

"Villain!" the Indian shouted, beside himself with fury, "is that the way in which my orders are executed? Did I not command you to bring him to me alive?"

"Hum!" said Panchito. "I should like to see you try it. Armed only with a sword, he fought like ten men for more than twenty minutes. He killed four of ours, and perhaps we should not have been here now if his weapon had not broken."

"You are cowards," the master said, with a smile of contempt.

He went up to Don Sylvio's body.

"Is he dead?" Pincheira asked him.

"No," Nocobotha replied.

"All the worse."

"On the contrary, I would give a great deal to see him recover."

"Nonsense," the Chilian officer said; "what do we care for this man's life? Was he not your personal enemy?"

"That is the very reason why I should not like him to die."

"I do not understand you."

"My friend," Nocobotha said, "I have devoted my life to the accomplishment of an idea to which I have sacrificed my hatreds and friendships."

"Why in that case lay a trap for your rival?"

"My rival? No, it is not he whom I have attacked."

"Who then?"

"The richest and most influential man in the colony; the man who may thwart my plans; a powerful adversary, a Spaniard, but not a rival. Nothing permanent is founded on corpses. I would have willingly killed him in battle, but I do not wish to make a martyr of him."

"Nonsense," Pincheira said, "one more or one less, what matter?"

"Brute," Nocobotha thought, "he has not understood a word I said."

Two gauchos, aided by Panchito, incessantly rubbed with rum the temples and chest of Don Sylvio, whose features retained the rigidity of death. The Indian chief drew his knife from his girdle, wiped the blade, and placed it to the wounded man's lips. It seemed to him as if it were slightly tarnished. He at once kneeled down by the side of Don Sylvio, raised the cuff of his left coat-sleeve, and pricked the vein with the sharp point of his knife. Gradually a black dot appeared on the wound, and became enlarged to the size of a pea. This drop hesitated, trembled, and at length ran down the arm, pushed on by a second drop, that made room for a third; then the blood became less black and less thick, and a long vermillion jet gushed forth, which announced life. Nocobotha could not repress a cry of joy: Don Sylvio was saved!

Almost immediately the young man gave a deep sigh.

"Continue the rubbing," the chief said to the gauchos.

He bound up Don Sylvio's arm, rose, and made a sign to Pincheira to follow him to another part of the cave.

"Heaven has granted my prayer," the great chief said, "and I thank it for having spared me a crime."

"If you are satisfied," the Chilian remarked, in surprise, "I have no objection to offer."

"That is not all. Don Sylvio's wounds, though numerous, are not serious; his lethargy is the result of the loss of the blood and the speed with which he was brought here. He will regain his senses presently."

"Good."

"He must not see me."

"What next?"

"Or recognize you."

"That is difficult."

"It is important."

"I will try my best."

"I am about to leave you. You will have Don Sylvio conveyed to Carmen."

"To your house?"

"Yes; it is the safest spot." Nocobotha said, as he drew from his pocket a paper folded after a peculiar fashion; "but he must not know, under any pretext, that I gave the orders, nor where he is; and, above all, he must not go out."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; and you will answer to me for his safety."

"On your order I will deliver him to you alive or dead."

"Alive, I tell you; his life is precious to me."

"Well," Pincheira replied, "since you are so anxious about your prisoner, not a hair of his head shall be touched."

"Thank you, and good-bye, Pincheira."

The chief mounted a magnificent mustang, and disappeared in the windings of the road. Pincheira returned to the wounded man with a look of ill-temper, and twisting his moustache. He was dissatisfied with Nocobotha's orders; but, as he possessed only one virtue, respect for his word, he resigned himself.

"How is he?" he asked Panchito, in a whisper.

"Not so bad, captain; it is astonishing what good the bleeding did him. He has already opened his eyes twice, and has even attempted to speak."

"In that case there is no time to be lost. Bind the fellow's eyes and to prevent his tearing the bandage off, fasten his hands to his side; act gently if you can manage it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, captain."

"In ten minutes we start."

Don Sylvio, who had gradually regained his senses, asked himself into what hands he had fallen. His presence of mind had also returned, and he offered no resistance when the gauchos carried out the orders of the Chilian officer. These precautions revealed to him that his life would not be taken.

"Captain, what is to be done now?" Panchito said.

"Carry him to the boat tied up down there; and do not shake him, scoundrels, or I will blow out what little brains you possess."

"Caraí!" the gaucho said with a grimace.

"Yes," Pincheira said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "that will teach you to kill people thoroughly another time."

Pincheira had not understood why Nocobotha so eagerly desired that Don Sylvio should live; and in his turn Panchito did not understand why Pincheira regretted that he was not dead. The gaucho opened his dull eyes in amazement on hearing the chief's last remark, but hastened to obey.

Don Sylvio was carried down to the boat by Pincheira, Panchito, and another gaucho, while the rest of the party, who took charge of the horses, returned to Carmen by land. The voyage in the boat was performed in silence, and three hours after the start the prisoner was lying on a bed in Don Torribio Carvajal's house. Then the gag was removed and his hands were untied; but a masked and silent man stood on the threshold of the door, like a statue, and never once took his eyes off him.

Don Sylvio, worn out by the emotions of the day, and weakened by the loss of blood, and trusting to chance to get him out of his incomprehensible position, took that investigating glance around which is peculiar to prisoners, and fell into a heavy sleep, which lasted several hours and restored to his mind all its calmness and original lucidity.

"However, he was treated with the utmost respect, and his slightest caprices were satisfied. In fact, his situation was endurable, and, after all, was not without a certain amount of originality. Hence the young man, feeling reassured, bravely made up his mind to wait for better times. On the third day of his captivity his wounds were almost cicatrised. He got up to try his strength, and, perhaps, to reconnoitre the chance of escaping, for what can people do in prison, save think about getting out of it? A warm and cheering sunbeam entered through the crack of the closed shutter, and traced long white stripes on the ceiling of his room. This sunbeam revived his spirits, and he took several steps under the inevitable eye of the dumb and masked watchman.

All at once a formidable noise broke out in the vicinity, and a discharge of cannon made the windows rattle.

"What is that?" he asked the masked man.

The latter shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply.

The sharp crack of musketry fire was mingled with the boom of the guns. The dumb man closed the window. Don Sylvio walked up to him.

"My friend," he said to him, in a gentle voice, "what is going on outside?"

The jailor obstinately remained silent.

"In Heaven's name speak!"

The noise seemed to draw nearer, and hurried foot-steps were mingled with the shouts. The man in the mask drew his machete from its sheath and his pistol from his belt, and ran to the door, which was suddenly burst open. Another masked bandit evidently suffering from great terror, dashed into the room.

"Look out!" he shouted. "We are lost!"

At these words, four men, also masked and armed to the teeth, appeared in the doorway.

"Back!" the jailor cried; "no one enters here without the password."

"There it is," said one of the new comers, and he laid him stark dead with a pistol shot. The four men passed over his body and securely tied his companion, who had sought refuge in a corner, and was trembling all over. One of them then walked up to the prisoner, who comprehended nothing of this scene.

"You are free, caballero!" he said to him. "Come, make haste to fly far from this house."

"Who are you;" the young man asked.

"No matter; follow us."

"No; unless I know who you are."

"Do you wish to see Dona Concha again?" the speaker whispered in his ear.

"I will follow you," Don Sylvio answered, with a blush.

"Senor, take these weapons, which you will perhaps require, as all is not finished yet."

"Weapons!" the young man exclaimed, "Oh! you are friends."

They went out.

"What?" Don Sylvio said, as he entered the courtyard, "I am in Carmen."

"Were you not aware of it?"

"No."

"Those saddled horses fastened to the rings are ours. Can you sit a horse?"

"I hope so."

"You must."

"Mount, then, and let us be off."

As they turned into the street, a dozen horsemen dashed up toward them, at a distance of about five and twenty paces."

"Here is the enemy," the stranger said, in a firm voice; "take your bridle in your teeth, and let us charge."

The four men arranged themselves in a single line, and rushed at the new comers. They discharged firearms and drew their sabres.

"Caraí!" Pincheira, who commanded the twelve horsemen, shouted, "my prisoner is escaping from me."

The Chilian officer darted in pursuit of Don Sylvio, who fired two shots at him

without relaxing his speed. Pinchiera's horse rolled on the ground, dragging down its rider, who got up again, greatly shaken by his fall; but Don Sylvio and his comrades were already far away.

"Oh, I shall find them again!" he shouted, mad with rage.

The fugitives had reached the river's bank, where a boat was waiting for them.

"We shall separate here, senor," the stranger said to Don Sylvio, as he removed his mask.

"Pedrito!" he exclaimed.

"Myself!" the bombero answered. "This boat will take you to the Estancia of San Julian. Start without delay, and," he added, as he stooped down to Don Sylvio's ear, and handed him a folded paper, "read this, and, perhaps, you will soon be able to come to our assistance. Good-bye, senor."

"One word, Pedrito. Who is the man that held me prisoner?"

"Don Torribio Carvajal."

"Thank you."

"Or, if you prefer it, Nocobotha, the great Chief of the Aucas."

"Which of the two?"

"They are the same."

"I will remember," Don Sylvio said, as he leaped into the boat.

The skiff glided over the water with the speed of an arrow, owing to the vigor of the rowers, and soon disappeared in the gathering darkness.

Three persons who remained on the bank looked anxiously after the movements of the boat. They were Pedrito, Mercedes, and Dona Concha.

CHAPTER XX.

THE INDIAN CAMP.

"And now, senorita," Pedrito asked Dona Concha, when the boat was out of sight, "what are your intentions?"

"To see Nocobotha in his camp."

"It is dishonor; it is death."

"No, Don Pedro, it is revenge."

"You mean it?"

"I am resolved."

"Good, I will myself lead you to the camp of the Aucas."

All three returned to Don Valentine Cardoso's house without exchanging a word. Night had completely set in; the streets were deserted, the silent town was illumined by the flames of Poblacion del Sur, and the diabolical outlines of the Indians could be seen passing among the ruins and crumbling walls.

"Go and get ready, senoritas; I will wait for you here," Pedrito said with a melancholy accent.

Mercedes and Dona Concha entered the house. Pedrito, thoughtful and sad, sat down on one of the steps in front of the houses. The two girls soon reappeared, dressed in full Aucas' costume, with painted faces, and impossible to recognize.

"Oh!" said the bombero, "here are two real Indian girls."

"Do you believe," Dona Concha asked him, "that Don Torribio alone possesses the privilege of changing himself at his pleasure."

"Who can contend with a woman?" Pedrito said, shaking his head; "and now, what do you demand of me?"

"Your protection to the first Indian lines."

"And afterwards?—"

"The rest is our business."

"But you do not intend to remain alone in the midst of the Pagans?"

"We must, Don Pedro."

"Mercedes," the latter continued, "do you wish to fall again into the hands of your persecutors?"

"Reassure yourself, brother; I run no risk."

"Still—?"

"I answer for her," Dona Concha interrupted him.

"Well, Heaven be merciful to you!" he muttered, with an air of doubt."

"Let us start," said Don Sylvio's affianced wife, as she wrapped herself up in a spacious cloak.

Pedrito walked before them. The dying fires of Carmen lit up the night with a pale and uncertain gleam; a leaden silence brooded over the town, only interrupted at intervals by the hoarse croaking of the birds of prey that were tearing the Spanish and Indian corpses. The three persons walked through the ruins, stumbling against tottering walls, striding over bodies, and disturbing the horrible festival of the urubus and vultures which fled away with heavy wings. They went through nearly the entire length of the town, and at length arrived, after a thousand windings and difficulties, at one of the barriers that faced the Indian camp, whose numerous fires could be seen sparkling a short distance off, and from which fearful yells reached their ears.

The bombero exchanged a few words with the sentries, and passed through the barricade, followed by the two girls. Then he stopped.

"Dona Concha," he said, in a choking voice, "there is the Indian camp before us."

"I thank you, Don Pedro," she answered, offering him her hand.

"Senorita," Pedrito added, retaining the young lady's hand, "there is still time; give up your fatal plan, since your betrothed is saved, and return to San Julian."

"Good-bye," Dona Concha answered, resolutely.

"Good-bye," the worthy man repeated, sorrowfully. Mercedes, I implore you to remain with me."

"Where she goes, I will go, brother."

The leave taking was short, as may be supposed, and the bombero, so soon as he was alone, uttered a sigh, or rather a burst of sorrow, and returned to Carmen at a sharp pace.

"I trust I may not arrive too late," he said to himself, "and that he has not yet seen Don Antonio Valverde."

He reached the fort at the moment when Don Torribio and the governor were crossing the drawbridge, but absorbed in his own thoughts, he did not perceive the two horsemen. This accident was the cause of an irreparable misfortune.

As for the two girls, they proceeded haphazard toward the camp fires, a short distance from which they halted to regain breath and calm the movement of their hearts, which beat as if ready to start from their breasts. When near the danger they voluntarily sought, they felt their courage abandon them; the sight of the Indian toldos made their blood run cold with terror. Strange to say, it was Mercedes who revived her companion's firmness.

"Senorita," she said to her, "I will be your guide; "we will leave these cloaks here, which will cause us to be recognized as white persons. Walk by my side, and whatever may happen, display neither surprise nor fear, and before all say not a word, or it will be all over with us."

"I will obey," Concha answered.

"We are," Mercedes exclaimed, "two Indian girls who have made a vow to Gualichu for the recovery of their wounded father. Remember, not a word, my friend!"

"Let us go on, and may Heaven protect us."

"So be it!" Mercedes replied, crossing herself.

They set out again, and within five minutes entered the camp, where the Indians were giving way to the most extravagant joy. Nothing could be heard on all sides but songs and yells. Drunk with aguardiente, they danced in a burlesque fashion among empty barrels, which they had plundered from Poblacion del Sur and the estancias. There was a wondrous disorder and a strange confusion, and all these raving madmen even ignored the authority of their ulmens, the majority of whom, however, were in a state of the most disgusting intoxication.

Owing to the general uproar, Concha and Mercedes were enabled to cross the camp lines unseen; then, with palpitating hearts, limbs rigid with terror, but calm faces, they glided like lizards through the groups, passing unperceived by the drunken men, who stumbled against each other at every moment. The girls seemed lost in this human labyrinth, wandering haphazard, and trusting to Providence or their lucky stars to discover the abode of the great Toqui in this confused mass of toldos. They walked about for a long time, but rendered bolder by their success in avoiding any unpleasant encounter, and feeling less timid, they exchanged at times a hoping glance, till all at once an Indian of athletic build seized Dona Concha round the waist, lifted her from the ground like a child, and imprinted a hearty kiss on her neck.

At this unexpected outrage, Concha uttered a cry of terror, disengaged herself from the Indian's grasp, and forcibly thrust him away from her. The savage tottered on his drunken legs, and measured his length of six feet on the ground; but he sprang up again at once and leapt on the maiden like a jaguar.

Mercedes interposed between them.

"Back," she said, courageously, laying her hand on the Indian's chest, "this woman is my sister."

"Churlakin," another chief said, "do not put up with an insult."

The savage frowned and drew his knife.

"Do you wish to kill her?" Mercedes exclaimed in horror.

"Yes," Churlakin answered, "unless she will follow me to my toldo, where she will be the squaw of a chief—a great chief."

"You are mad," Mercedes retorted, "your toldo is full, and there is no room for another fire."

"There is still room for two fires," the Indian answered with a laugh, "and since this woman is your sister, you shall come with her."

In the course of this discussion an impenetrable circle of savages surrounded the two girls and Churlakin. Mercedes did not know how to escape the danger.

"Well," Churlakin continued, seizing Dona Concha's hair, which he rolled round his wrist, and brandishing his knife, "will you and your sister follow me to my toldo?"

Dona Concha, who had sunk down to the ground, awaited the death-stroke with pallid face and closed eyes. Mercedes drew herself and checked the arm that was ready to strike.

"Since you insist on it, dog," she said to the chief, in a haughty voice, "your destiny shall be accomplished. Look at me. Gualichu does not allow his slaves to be insulted with impunity. Look at me."

She turned her face towards a huge fire, flashing a few yards off, and which threw a bright light over the surrounding objects. The Indians uttered a cry of surprise on recognizing her, and fell back. Churlakin himself let go of Dona Concha's hair.

"Oh!" he said, in consternation, "it is the white slave of the tree of Gualichu."

The circle round the two girls had grown larger; but the superstitious Indians, nailed to the ground by terror, looked at them fixedly.

"The power of Gualichu," Mercedes added, to complete her triumph, "is great and terrible. It is he who sends me; woe to the man who would try to thwart his designs; back, all of you."

And seizing the arm of Dona Concha, who was still trembling with emotion, she advanced with a firm step. Waving her arm authoritatively, the circle divided, and the Indians fell back to the right and left, making way for them to pass.

"I feel as if I was dying," Dona Concha murmured.

"Courage, senorita, we are saved."

"Oh, oh!" a mocking voice said, "what is going on here?"

And a man placed himself in front of the girls, and looked impudently at them.

"The matchi!" the Indians said, who, being reassured by the presence of their sorcerer, again assembled round the prisoners.

Mercedes trembled inwardly on seeing her stratagem compromised by the advent of the matchi, and at the suggestion of despair, she made a final effort.

"Gualichu, who loves the Indians," she said, "has sent me to the matchi of the Aucas."

"Ah!" the sorcerer answered, in a mocking accent, "and what does he want with me?"

"No one but yourself must hear it."

The matchi walked up to the maiden, laid his hand on her shoulder, and looked at her with a longing air.

"Will you save me?" she asked him in a low voice.

"That depends," the fellow answered, his eye sparkling with passion, "it is in your own hands."

She repressed a look of disgust.

"Stay," she said, as she removed from her arms her rich gold bracelets, set with fine pearls.

"Ooh!" said the Indian, as he concealed them in his bosom, "that is fine; what does my daughter want?"

"Deliver us first from these men."

"Fly!" the matchi shouted, turning to the spectators; "this woman is under an evil spell; Gualichu is irritated. Fly!"

The sorcerer had immediately put on a face adapted to the circumstances; his mysterious conversation with the white woman and the terror depicted on his features were sufficient for the Indians, who, without stopping to ask any questions, dispersed in all directions, and disappeared behind the toldos.

"You see," the sorcerer said, with a smile of pride, "I am powerful, and can avenge myself on those who deceive me. But where does my white daughter come from?"

"From the tree of Gualichu," she answered boldly.

"My daughter has the forked tongue of the cougouar," the matchi replied, who believed neither in his own words nor in his god; "does she take me for a nandu?"

"Here is a magnificent collar of pearls which Gualichu gave me for the inspired man of the Aucas."

"Oh," said the sorcerer, "what service can I render my daughter?"

"Lead us to the toldo of the great chief of the Patagonian nations."

"Does my daughter desire to speak with Nocobotha?"

"I do."

"Nocobotha is a wise chief; will he receive a woman?"

"He must."

"It is well. But this other woman?" he asked, pointing to Dona Concha.

"She is a friend of Pincheira's; she also wishes to speak with the great Toqui."

"The warriors will spin llama wool," the sorcerer said, shaking his head, "since women wage war and sit at the council fire."

"My father is mistaken; Nocobotha loves his sister."

"No," the Indian said.

"Will my father make haste? Nocobotha is waiting for us," Mercedes continued, impatient of the savage's tergiversation; "where is the toldo of the great chief?"

"Follow me, my white daughters."

He placed himself between them, seized an arm of each, and guided them through the inextricable labyrinth of the camp. The terrified Indians fled as they passed. In his heart the matchi was satisfied with Mercedes' presents, and the opportunity for proving to the warriors his intimate relations with Gualichu. The marching and countermarching lasted a quarter of an hour, and at last they found themselves before a toldo, in front of which was planted the token of the united nations, surrounded by lances fringed with scarlet, and guarded by four warriors.

"It is here," he said to Mercedes.

"Good! my father will let us go in alone."

"Must I leave you, then?"

"Yes, but my father can wait for us outside."

"I will wait," the sorcerer said briefly, as he looked suspiciously at the maidens.

They went in with sorely beating hearts. The toldo was empty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

California Fruit.

A San Francisco correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat writes:—

"The Central Pacific Railroad Company has commenced the construction of fifty fruit cars, which will be ventilated in all directions by funnel air pumps, wire screens, &c., and are to be built with a special view to the storage of fruit, so as to allow a free circulation of air. We have a surplus of almost every fruit to which you can give a name. At some not very distant day our tropical and semi-tropical productions, such as oranges, lemons, limes, citrons, dates and bananas, will be important items of export. Meantime for a few years, it is our grapes which we can best spare, and as we can supply the eastern market with them from July to Christmas, and even into the winter, we expect a huge demand. In some California counties now wine is cheaper than milk. As to grapes, they have hardly a definite value at all, and get down to five pounds or more for twenty-five cents in San Francisco itself at the height of the season. The large and more luscious of our numerous varieties of table grapes cannot fail to attract attention in the East. I should suppose that it will be profitable to sell them at from twenty to sixty cents, according to quality, a pound in New York, and that they will become a good paying institution."

☞ Writing from Santa Clara Valley, a correspondent of the Downieville Messenger says: "Years ago, when a farmer's boy, in old Michigan, it was hard to believe the marvellous accounts of vegetable production given in letters from a California brother. Especially did he haggle over a story of cabbages becoming trees twenty feet high, and yielding scores of heads annually. It is no longer one of F.'s 'big stories,' but mine. I have seen the cabbage tree, I climbed it, I sat in the branches thereof and meditated upon F.'s veracity when big cabbage stories were related."

☞ It was a Mrs. Watkins, of San Francisco, who was recently asked by the "lady" who does her cooking, "Are you going to use your horses this evening?" "Yes, I am; why?" "Oh, pshaw!" responded the cook; "I meant to have gone out with them myself!"

☞ The English National Lifeboat Institution can boast of having saved 18,355 lives since its formation. Last year alone its boats saved 603 lives, and in the first half of the present year they have saved 322. That is surely a magnificent boast.

☞ The humidity of the atmosphere, it is reported, has been increased on the Isthmus of Suez since the introduction of the waters of the Mediterranean Sea into the lakes. Fogs as dense as those of Paris have been observed in districts where, heretofore, rain has hardly ever fallen.

☞ The Union and Central Pacific Railroad Companies have agreed to carry fruit to New York for 5 cents per pound, and carry emigrants from New York to San Francisco for $50.

☞ An Ancient Spanish writer asserts that one of the severest torments of authors in a future state is to be compelled to read their own compositions to an audience of demons.

☞ A verdant from Wellfleet, Massachusetts, who had never seen a locomotive, was taken to Orleans, some time since, and at the approach of the train from Boston, threw up his hands in astonishment and exclaimed: "By thunder, what a darned great stove!"

☞ A boy having complained to his father that Bill had thrown the Bible at him, and hurt him on the head, the father replied: "Well, you are the only member of my family on whom the Bible ever made the least impression."

☞ An attempt is being made to show that the immigrants who came over in the Mayflower, and landed at Plymouth, were the only genuine Pilgrim Fathers, and that the colony of Massachusetts Bay were not the genuine article. A sufficient answer to this is that in 1692, Massachusetts, with a population of 40,000, absorbed Plymouth with a population of only 7,000. At least five-sixths of the Pilgrim Fathers thus belonged to the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

☞ A good many city families have returned [illegible] at Long Branch and other seaside watering places, complaining that the weather is too cool there for comfort.

PERSONAL HABITS OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I do not wish to write of the personal *habits* of these strange creatures solely, but also of certain curious details of various kinds concerning them, which, belonging only to their private life, have never crept into print. Knowing the Twins, intimately, I feel that I am peculiarly well qualified for the task I have taken upon myself.

The Siamese Twins are naturally tender and affectionate in disposition, and have clung to each other with singular fidelity throughout a long and eventful life. Even as children they were inseparable companions; and it was noticed that they always seemed to prefer each other's society to that of any other persons. They nearly always played together; and, so accustomed was their mother to this peculiarity, that whenever both of them chanced to be lost, she usually only hunted for one of them—satisfied that when she found that one, she would find his brother somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. And yet these creatures were ignorant and unlettered—barbarians themselves and the offspring of barbarians, who knew not the light of philosophy and science. What a withering rebuke is this to our boasted civilization, with its quarrellings, its wranglings, and its separations of brothers!

As men, the Twins have not always lived in perfect accord; but, still, there has always been a bond between them which made them unwilling to go away from each other and dwell apart. They have even occupied the same house, as a general thing, and it is believed that they have never failed to even sleep together on any night since they were born. How surely do the habits of a lifetime become a second nature to us! The Twins always go to bed at the same time; but Chang usually gets up about an hour before his brother. By an understanding between themselves, Chang does all the indoor work and Eng runs all the errands. This is because Eng likes to go out; Chang's habits are sedentary. However, Chang always goes along. Eng is a Baptist, but Chang is a Roman Catholic; still, to please his brother, Chang consented to be baptized at the same time that Eng was, on condition that it should not "count." During the war they were strong partisans, and both fought gallantly all through the great struggle—Eng on the Union side and Chang on the Confederate. They took each other prisoners at Seven Oaks, but the proofs of capture were so evenly balanced in favor of each that a general army court had to be assembled to determine which one was properly the captor and which the captive. The jury was unable to agree for a long time; but the vexed question was finally decided by agreeing to consider them both prisoners, and then exchanging them. At one time Chang was convicted of disobedience of orders, and sentenced to ten days in the guard-house; but Eng, in spite of all arguments, felt obliged to share his imprisonment, notwithstanding he himself was entirely innocent; and so to save the blameless brother from suffering, they had to discharge both from custody—the just reward of faithfulness.

Upon one occasion the brothers fell out about something, and Chang knocked Eng down, and then tripped and fell on him, whereupon both clinched and began to beat and gouge each other without mercy. The bystanders interfered and tried to separate them, but they could not do it, and so allowed them to fight it out. In the end both were disabled, and were carried to the hospital on one and the same shutter.

Their ancient habit of going always together had its drawbacks when they reached man's estate and entered upon the luxury of courting. Both fell in love with the same girl. Each tried to steal clandestine interviews with her, but at the critical moment the other would always turn up. By-and-by Eng saw with distraction that Chang had won the girl's affections; and from that day forth he had to bear with the agony of being a witness to all their dainty billing and cooing. But with a magnanimity that did him infinite credit, he succumbed to his fate, and gave countenance and encouragement to a state of things that bade fair to sunder his generous heart-strings. He sat from seven every evening until two in the morning listening to the fond foolishness of the two lovers, and to the concussion of hundreds of squandered kisses—for the privilege of sharing only one of which he would have given his right hand. But he sat patiently, and waited, and gaped, and yawned, and stretched, and longed for two o'clock to come. And he took long walks with the lovers on moonlight evenings—sometimes traversing ten miles, notwithstanding he was usually suffering from rheumatism. He is an inveterate smoker; but he could not smoke on these occasions, because the young lady was painfully sensitive to the smell of tobacco. Eng cordially wanted them married, and done with it; but although Chang often asked the momentous question, the young lady could not gather sufficient courage to answer it while Eng was by. However, on one occasion, after having walked some sixteen miles, and sat up till nearly daylight, Eng dropped asleep, from sheer exhaustion, and then the question was asked and answered. The lovers were married. All acquainted with the circumstances applauded the noble brother-in-law. His unwavering faithfulness was the theme of every tongue. He had stayed by them all through their long and arduous courtship; and when, at last, they were married, he lifted his hands above their heads, and said with impressive unction, "Bless ye, my children, I will never desert ye!" and he kept his word. Magnanimity like this is all too rare in this cold world.

By-and-by Eng fell in love with his sister-in-law's sister, and married her, and since that day they have all lived together, night and day, in an exceeding sociability which is touching and beautiful to behold, and is something to rebuke our civilization.

The sympathy existing between these two brothers is so close and so refined that the feelings, the impulses, the emotions of the one are instantly experienced by the other. When one is sick the other is sick; when one feels pain the other feels it; when one is angered the other's temper takes fire. We have already seen with what happy facility they both fell in love with the same girl. Now Chang is bitterly opposed to all forms of intemperance, on principle; but Eng is the reverse; for while these men's feelings and emotions are so closely wedded, their reasoning faculties are unfettered; their *thoughts* are free. Chang belongs to the Good Templars, and is a hard-working and enthusiastic supporter of all temperance reforms. But, to his bitter distress every now and then, Eng gets drunk, and, of course, that makes Chang drunk, too. This unfortunate thing has been a great sorrow to Chang, for it almost destroys his usefulness in his favorite field of effort. As sure as he is to head a great temperance procession, Eng ranges up along side of him, prompt to the minute and drunk as a lord; but yet no more dismally and hopelessly drunk than his brother, who has not tasted a drop. And so the two begin to hoot and yell, and throw mud and bricks at the Good Templars; and, of course, they break up the procession. It would be manifestly wrong to punish Chang for what Eng does, and therefore the Good Templars accept the untoward situation, and suffer in silence and sorrow. They have officially and deliberately examined into the matter, and find Chang blameless. They have taken the two brothers and filled Chang full of warm water and sugar and Eng full of whiskey, and in twenty-five minutes it was not possible to tell which was the drunkest. Both were as drunk as loons—and on hot whiskey punches, by the smell of their breath. Yet all the while Chang's moral principles were unsullied, his conscience clear; and so all just men confessed that he was not morally, but only physically drunk. By every right and by every moral evidence the man was strictly sober; and, therefore, it caused his friends all the more anguish to see him shake hands with the pump and try to wind his watch with his night-key.

There is a moral in these solemn warnings—or, at least, a warning in these solemn morals; one or the other. No matter, it is somehow. Let us heed it; let us profit by it.

I could say more of an instructive nature about these interesting beings, but let what I have written suffice.

Having forgotten to mention it sooner, I will remark, in conclusion, that the ages of the Siamese Twins are respectively fifty-one and fifty-three years.—*Packard's Monthly.*

ROMANCES OF THE WAR.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing recently from the battle-ground of Port Hudson, relates the following incidents, which although undoubted facts, are good enough to be denominated romances. They might each of them be easily diluted into a modern "serial" novel of five hundred pages.

"Many of the boys of the Fifty-second Massachusetts regiment who were with Weitzel's brigade when the charge was made on the works at Port Hudson, will remember well the gallant defence which three or four men made at the salient it was expected this brigade would take and hold until Paine's division could come up. One of those men, so a native of Port Hudson told us, resided on a plantation about nine miles from the landing, near a farm now owned by Moody Brothers, from Massachusetts. None of the men who saw him with his 'musket clubbed' that day will doubt his being a very brave man. He was afterwards captured at Chattanooga and taken to Camp Douglas, Chicago, where he remained nearly six months. About a year before his capture he had been among a party who seized a supply train of the Federals near Corinth, Mississippi. In a box of stores belonging to the Sanitary Commission he found a pair of blue cotton socks, and when he drew them on he discovered the following note inside:—

"'Soldier—Whosoever thou art, wear these socks, with the comforting assurance that the fingers that knit them were supplied with life from a warm and sympathizing heart. LIZZIE V. GEE, Chicago.'

"This short letter (which was printed in the Louisiana papers at the time) was called to mind one day at Camp Douglas when he was putting on the stockings, and he resolved, for the fun of it, to write to her and tell her the history of the pair of socks. This he did, and soon after received a call at his quarters from Miss Gee and her father. He did not see or hear from her afterwards until he was again in the Southern army and stationed at Harper's Ferry. There the company in which he was a lieutenant captured a squad of cavalry, and among the number was the only brother of Miss Lizzie V. Gee. Every kindness which could be done for a prisoner was done for young Gee by his new acquaintance, and when, soon after, Gee was paroled, he was the sworn friend of the Confederate lieutenant. When the war closed they had some correspondence, and the Confederate soldier was invited up to Chicago to attend the wedding of young Gee's sister. When he got there, much to his surprise, the ex-Confederate found that Gee had two sisters, and that the one about to be married was not the one he had seen. The rest of the story is told in a twinkling."

* * * * * * * *

"A soldier in an Alabama regiment received a bullet from the Federal lines on the morning of the 28th of May, which cut through the bridge of his nose, and completely destroyed his eyesight. At the surrender he was able to walk about, and started into the country with a few others who were paroled. But they soon abandoned him, and before the benighted soldier was a mile from town he lost his way, and only retraced his steps by remembering that it was toward night. The sun, shining warm on his face, told him when he was going westward. A little waiter boy, who accompanied an officer in the One Hundred and Tenth or One Hundred and Seventy-third New York, accidentally met him, and volunteered to lead the blind Confederate to the hospital. Afterwards the blind man hired the compassionate little fellow to lead him round. When the regiment moved East, and the boy was obliged to leave the town, his blind patron said to him—'Wheeler, you have been a good boy; live a noble life; you will hear from me again some day.'

"Little Wheeler Curran went his way, waited on the lieutenant until the war was over, and then went home to his mother at Syracuse. About six months ago Wheeler's mother received a deed of two thousand acres of land, with the houses, barns, cotton gins, and machinery, 'in consideration of one dollar to me in hand paid,' in trust for the little, generous boy who took pity on a blind soldier and 'showed him the way to comfortable quarters.' When he is of age, instead of having nothing, as was his prospect six months ago, he will be worth at least $100,000.

☞ There are probably not less than one hundred colored men now in Rome preparing for the Catholic priesthood. The majority of them will become teachers of the freedmen of the South.

Female Names.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes: "The names of women given below will be found in Bond's Genealogies. I suggest their employment by young country mothers, as substitutes for the Abbies, Mollies, Sibbies, Lizzies, Susies, Hatties, Maggies and other perversions of our best and most significant names. They are odd and fanciful enough, and may save to us our Elizabeths, Margarets, Sybils, Marys and others as good:

Arimathea,	Jeghenda,	Ozora,
Abba,	Lura,	Pawlona,
Abolina,	Luzetta,	Paraclete,
Adelphica,	Lovice,	Philenda,
Alvalina,	Lovica,	Phila,
Cinderella,	Lurinda,	Philura,
Clemena,	Lurano,	Reana,
Climela,	Lorrena,	Roxia Eleanor,
Cylinda,	Levina,	Relectra,
Cythera,	Maria Alona,	Sabra,
Dalesa,	Mahala Angeline,	Sophila,
Diarca,		Soissina,
Direxa,	Melora,	Sufferana,
Diadema,	Nancyana,	Velina,
Edyph,	Olive Lemira,	Zelinda,
Gratia,	Orra,	Harenhappuch,

and these excellent ones, Mindwell, Sedate, Virtue, Exercise."

Singular Origin of Fires.

The Salem Register says that a lady in that city lost about a dozen yards of velvet, which took fire from the rays of the sun passing through a globe in which an ornament was floating in water. But for the timely discovery of the fire the house might have been burned.

We remember a case of that kind which occurred years ago. A globe containing a pair of gold fish was left on a table in the parlor near a front window, and while the family were at breakfast smoke was smelt, and all hands started to see what the matter was. On going into the parlor, where there had been no fire, they found it densely filled with smoke, and a large hole burnt through the carpet and floor, the fire bursting into a flame when the door was opened. The cause was apparent—the unclouded sun had cast his rays through the globe of water, giving it the effect of a burning lens, or sun-glass. In a few minutes more the house would have been all ablaze. The unconscious little fishes, however, were as cool as a cucumber all the time.—*Lawrence Eagle.*

☞ The people who have visited Niagara this season have noticed a very marked change in the appearance of the Horse Shoe as well as the American Falls. The former has evidently given way almost thirty or forty feet in that part of the cone where the water looks so green, on the side nearest Goat Island, and it is estimated by geologists that from one to two hundred tons of rock must have fallen. This has not marred the appearance of the Falls. It is now a settled fact beyond question that Niagara does cave in some each year, and the change which has taken place this summer is probably the most extensive in the recollection of the present generation.

☞ Geo. H. Boker, Esq., has been appointed poet for the next meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College, as substitute for Dr. W. W. Morland of Boston.

☞ Visitors to Niagara Falls are notified that a new Treasury regulation imposes a duty of forty-five per cent. in gold, on all fancy articles purchased on the Canadian side and brought over the river.

☞ The Caspian Sea, in Russia, was recently ablaze for forty-eight hours, caused by the naptha wells on the island overflowing. All the fish were destroyed and the vegetation in the surrounding country was parched like a desert.

☞ A Vermont man has written to a lawyer in Indianapolis to know whether he can have a "devors," being unable to support his wife, asking, moreover, what it will cost. "If it costs twenty dollars, I can't pay that mutch."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. Sales 7000 bbls at $5@5,37½ for superfine; $5,50@6 for extra; $6@7,50 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for fancy; $6,50@7 for Penna extra family; $7@8 for Ohio extra family, and $8,50@10,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $6,12½@6,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat has been in fair demand. 20,000 bus of new red sold at $1,45@1,54 for Delaware; $1,50 for Indiana, and $1,45@1,50 for Penna; 25,000 bus of old Western and Penna red at $1,45@1,55; 15,000 bus of old amber at $1,58@1,60, and 5000 bus of white at $1,70@1,85. Rye—3000 bus of old Penna and Western sold at $1,25@1,40, and 800 bus of new Delaware at $1,20@1,22. Corn—75,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,06@1,12, and 40,000 bus of Penna and Delaware yellow at $1,10@1,18, and $1,15 for yellow. Oats—45,000 bus of prime Western sold at 76@78c; 10,000 bus of Penna at 68@73c, as to quality; 6000 bus of Southern at 60@70c, and 2000 bus of New Delaware at 60@65c ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet; sales of Mess Pork at $23@23,50. Mess Beef sells at $22@22,50 for city packed. Sales of Beef Hams are quoted at $32@32. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@21½c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 18@19½c, and Shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats; 450 tcs pickled Hams sold at 18@18½c; salt Shoulders at 14c. Lard; sales of 550 bbls and tcs Western at 19½@19¾c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter; sales at solid packed at 25@26c, and prime roll at 22@26c. Cheese; sales of prime factory at 15@17c. Eggs sell at 20@22c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market is less active. About 900 bales of Middlings sold at 34@34½c for Uplands, and 25@25½c for New Orleans.

BARK—100 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $44@45 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 40c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $1,50@4, and Peaches at $1@4 ₱ box.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 5@15c.

HAY—During the past week 333 loads of Hay and 62 of Straw were weighed and sold at the following prices:—Prime Timothy ₱ 100 lbs $1,65@1,70; Mixed do $1,40@1,50; Inferior do $1,30@1,25; Straw ₱ 100 lbs $1,85@1,90.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $40@42, and No 2 at $38@40. Scotch Pig sells at $39@40 ₱ ton; 1000 tons of gray forge equal to $35,75 ₱ ton, and Susquehanna white Iron at $50.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 9½@9¾ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 4¾@5½c ₱ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

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Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.
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Answer. All Qualities and Styles are kept on hand in all the sizes.
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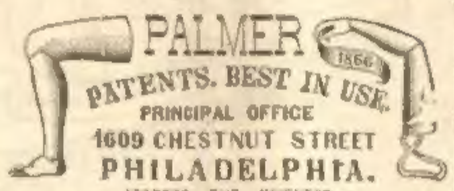

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We will insert an advertisement in **one thousand Newspapers, one month.** The List includes **single papers of over 100,000 circulation weekly,** more than **100 daily papers,** in which the advertiser obtains 24 insertions to the month, and the **leading papers in more than 500 different towns and cities. Complete files can be examined at our office.** Send stamp for our circular. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, New York.

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"They have reduced advertising to a more perfect system than has been known heretofore."—*Hazelton (Pa.) Sentinel, Oct. 31, 1867.*
"Whatever is prompt, methodical and straightforward, they practice in their dealings and only that."—*Boston Commonwealth, Nov. 30, 1867.*
"They now probably do the heaviest advertising business in the country."—*Manchester (N. H.) Daily Union, Jan. 25, 1868.*
"Their establishment is perhaps the most extensive in the United States."—*Cape Ann Advertiser, Gloucester, Mass.*

THE OLD STORY.

"The sails are set and the breeze is up,
And the prow is turned for a northern sea:
Kiss my cheek and vow me a vow
That you will ever be true to me!"

"I kiss your cheek, and I kiss your lips:
Never a change this heart shall know,
Whatever betide—come life, come death—
Darling, darling, I love you so!"

Oh, but the northern nights are keen!
The sailor clings to the frozen shrouds:
A kiss burns hot through his dreams of home.
And his heart goes south through the flying clouds.

The maiden laughs by the garden gate—
Dreams of love are the soonest o'er!
Kisses fall on her lips and hair,
And the world goes on as it went before.
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Clerical Anecdote.

Some thirty-five or forty years ago, a Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the old school, somewhat eccentric, came to Salem from the country to exchange desks with one of his brethren in the ministry. During the Sabbath noon intermission he said to his daughter:

"I am going to lie down. If St. Paul himself comes, don't disturb me."

Mr. Bentley, who preached in the East Church, who had been very intimate with Mr. Williams, but had not seen him for several years, hearing that he was in town, hurried off, after dinner, to make his old friend a call.

"Where is Brother Williams?" he inquired, as he met the daughter.

"He can't be disturbed, sir, even if St. Paul should call."

"I *must* see him!" was the impatient rejoinder, in the inimitable manner peculiar to Mr. Bentley.

Resistance to such a *must* was out of the question. The room of the sleeper was invaded, and with no gentle shake and a corresponding voice, Mr. Williams was aroused. He was delighted to see his old friend Bentley, reiterating with fervency his gratification.

"I think, Brother Williams, that you are a little inconsistent."

"How so, Brother Bentley?"

"Didn't you tell your daughter you were not to be disturbed even if St. Paul called? yet you seem very glad to see me."

"No, no, brother; not inconsistent at all. I was—I am—glad to see you. The Apostle Paul! why, I hope to spend a blessed eternity with him; but you, Brother Bentley—I never expect to see you again."

Peeling Fishballs.

The Laconia Democrat tells the following good story:—"A man evidently not much used to hotel life and fashions, recently sat down at the breakfast table at the Phenix, Concord. The waitress, in due course, repeated to him, 'Beefsteak, fish, tripe, fishballs.' The man said 'yes, them's em.' A dish of beefsteak and a plate of fishballs were set before him by the polite young lady. Greeny slid the steak into his plate, and taking one of the nicely browned fishballs on his fork, undertook to peel it. Two or three of course unsuccessful efforts in this direction were made and not a peel could he start. The ball dropped from his fork, but he perseveringly up and at it again. Finally in his frantic efforts, the fishball broke into fragments and fell on and around his plate. In perfect disgust with the unmanageable article, our countryman threw down knife and fork, exclaiming, 'Blame these Concord potatoes.'"

Saving Expense.

The Presbyterian tells of a man who lived many years ago in Clyde, Wayne county, New York, of good education and considerable property, whose besetting sin was penuriousness. He was a sound Presbyterian, but strenuously opposed to all societies requiring contributions of money to keep them alive—not even excepting missionary societies. Once he attended the monthly concert of prayer for foreign missions, when the minister asked him to pray. He complied at once, and made a prayer after the usual style, entirely unexceptionable until the very close, when his ruling idea came out in these words: "O Lord, may we all act in such a manner that by our lives we may preach Christ and Him crucified to the whole world, *and thus save considerable expense.*"

How He Stopped Him.

At the late meeting of the Presbytery, Brother W. said early in his ministry he and another brother were conducting a meeting in which there was much religious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the services. Brother H. said to Brother W., "Go stop that old man's noise." He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. Brother H. asked Brother W., "What did you say to the old man that quieted him so promptly?" Brother W. replied, "*I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions.*"

A NEGRO MARRIAGE.—A Chicago correspondent of Harper's Drawer mentions the case of an old mulatto who belonged to an acquaintance. The old mulatto was asked if he was legally married to the woman whom he called his "wife." To which he replied: "Yes. We had no minister; but we took a-hold each other's hand, knelt down together, and I axed her if she'd be my wife till death. She said yes; and then 'we took de Lord's name in vain,' and we was lawfully married."

LAST year a man—say John Smith—employed as collector in Brooklyn, gave his name for the directory, "John Smith, coll," and was somewhat surprised, when the book appeared, at finding himself registered "John Smith, col'd." Nothing daunted, however, he resolved this year to have it corrected; and when called upon by the agent, wrote it out in full, "John Smith, collector." The directory came out again in due time, and he found himself recorded as a "*col'd actor.*"

☞ A man in Illinois has been fined fifty dollars and costs by a justice of the peace, "for attempting to steal a kiss from a Mrs. Slippery."

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MR. PUNCH AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"I was obliged to ask you to meet me, Mr. Punch," said the Emperor, "and this was about the only place where we could meet without fear of listeners. Deign to accept my apology for having asked you to pull out into mid-channel in such weather."

"Don't mention it, Majesty. I am the old salt of the earth, and shan't melt in the sea. I am at your Majesty's service, so far as that is consistent with my devotion to Balmoral."

"Would I injure your admirable balmorality, my dear friend? You will confer a benefit on all Europe by advising me at this crisis."

"I advise your Majesty to light up."

"I imitate you in this, and in much else, Mr. Punch. And now to business. 'No man of many words am I,' as our friend Du Maurier saith. You have noted and considered my elections?"

"*Habeo*, sire; which is Latin for, I have."

"And what do you deduce."

"A fact and a lesson."

"The first?"

"One half of France, and that half which contains the brain, has unmistakably pronounced against personal government. You see, sire, that some personalities cannot be tolerated by civilized society."

"You put things pleasantly," grumbled the Emperor. "But the fellows on my side don't want cleverness."

"I should say that they did not, sire. They must have a good stock in hand. For they never use any. Even the work of managing your elections with reasonable decency very few of them have done. Half your victories are moral defeats. But never mind that. You have out of the 290 men in the Chamber 213 of your own to 77 liberals, 42 real, 35 red. Are those the figures?"

"Are you ever wrong?"

"Never, sire. I *may* take that slight credit. Well, your president can frown on the opposition, and stop any mouth that is uttering disagreeable things, and a majority of 136, like a certain commination,

"'Answers every doubt so eloquently well.'"

"*Ce cher Byron.*"

"*Wee*, sire. But there is another passage in the writings of that misguided party but meritorious poet, and though the splash of these infernal waves interferes with the effect of my elocution, I take leave to recite that passage.

"'Still, Freedom, still, thy banner, torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder-cloud against the wind,
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest that the tempest leaves behind.'

"I am not given to sentiment, sire, but it is liked on the Continong. Will you extract my meaning in the above recitation?"

"I understand."

"Why then rejoice therefore, sire, as the divine Williams observes. For I credit you with meaning well. To understand where one is, and to intend to act rightly, be twain steps in the road to honor. I believe I am spoiling true Thomas of Chelsea, but he loves me and will pardon."

"Have you visited the French Gallery in Pall Mall?"

"Aye, sire, and with pleasure."

"On the east wall is a portrait of a boy."

"A princely boy, sire, and you desire that years hence the catalogue that describes his portrait should call him what his father is now is called. *Rem tetegi?*"

"*Acu.*"

"He will be the Emperor over free men, sire, or no Emperor at all."

"Bridge the space between fact and lesson, Mr. Punch. You say half, and the half which ought to have ascendency is my enemy. Am I to throw the gates open to him?"

"Do you prefer that he should batter them open?"

"Batter," said the Emperor, with a kindling war-glance that swept the Boulevards. "I had an uncle."

"They say so at St. Helena," said Mr. Punch, kindly. "Come, sire, you are a better man than he, and too good for thoughts like those. If a nation cannot be governed without a constitution of cannon, it is not worth governing. Do you believe that of the France you have recently discovered to be noble?"

"I am bewildered," said the Emperor. "Holdfast is a good dog, as your proverb is."

"There was another dog, sire, who wanted more than was good for him, and so lost all. Our Williams has said, 'Tis better using France than trusting France,' but on my honor, Majesty, I think you might act on the opposite rule."

"And trust France?"

"Half of which—yes, sire, in spite of that. Because France, which is generous, would then begin to trust you. Conquer France, sire. Nobody else can do it. It will be a grander campaign than any of your uncle's, and it will have neither a Moscow nor a Waterloo."

"I will think about it," said the Emperor, moodily, turning away his canoe and raising his hat.

"*Don't think too long, sire,*" cried Mr. Punch, as his Majesty departed.—*London Punch.*

A GIRL'S A GIRL FOR A' THAT.

Is there a lady in the land
That boasts her rank and a' that?
With scornful eye we pass her by,
And little care for a' that;
For nature's charm shall bear the palm—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

What though her neck with gems she deck,
With folly's gear and a' that,
And gayly ride in pomp and pride;
We can dispense with a' that.
An honest heart acts no such part—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

The nobly born may proudly scorn
A lowly lass and a' that;
A pretty face has far more grace
Than haughty looks and a' that;
A bonnie maid needs no such aid—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

Then let us trust that come it must,
And sure it will for a' that,
When faith and love, all arts above,
Shall reign supreme and a' that,
And every youth confess the truth—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

Umbrellas.

Among articles of every day use, fewer improvements, perhaps, have been made in the construction of umbrellas than anything else, variations in material and pattern being unaccompanied by essential improvement in principle. The latter result seems, however, to have been accomplished lately in England by what is called the Panteles Umbrella, the main features of which consist in the adoption of ball and socket joints at each end of the stretchers, instead of the customary forks, and the use of a spring and wedge lock for holding the umbrella open or shut, instead of the customary long wire spring which weakens the handle so much. The advantages claimed are greater durability, facility in taking out any stretcher for repair, impossibility of having the umbrella turned inside out, etc. The construction of the whole is very simple, although difficult to explain without a figure—and the cost of manufacture very little more than that of the old-fashioned kind.

A Rule for Living Happily with Others.

A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said:—"Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.—*The Moralist.*

AGRICULTURAL.

The Growth of Trout.

Trout kept in ponds will average a pound, when a few months over three years old, if well fed. They are like pigs in more respects than in greediness in their disposition to eat offal, for their increase will be in proportion to the amount of food given. A respectable old gentleman, who, I think would not "fib," tells me he has had them of four pounds, when as many years old; but they had the run of the spring house, receiving many a spoonful of cream thrown to them in removing meats, much curd, many worms which his boys fed to them, and the whole population of many a big caterpillars' nest cut from a limb in his orchard; as well as young wasps and hornets. Per contra to this, a trout will live in the bottom of a well, or in a spring, without being fed, for years, and show no growth. In stocking my ponds in New Jersey, several of my trout received unmistakable marks which they never get rid of; two of these, which were not over eight or nine inches long, and not over five or six ounces in weight, grew to thirteen inches in length before they had been in their adopted home a year. They were very stout, and doubtless weighed a pound. Here the weight was more than doubled in a year. Mr. Ainsworth stocked a pond near West Bloomfield, N. Y., with fry, as soon as the umbilical sac was absorbed, and three years after caught them weighing two pounds. In stocking a pond for angling, on Long Island, a friend of the writer brought yearling trout not over five inches long; the following spring, say in twelve months, they were about eleven inches long, weighing a full half pound; in twelve months more they had grown to average fourteen ounces; some of them weighed more than a pound. As a fish increases in size, its propensity for further growth also increases. A young salmon at a year, or even at two years old, does not weigh three ounces; it goes to sea, and frequently returns in six weeks, or at least the following summer, a fish from three to eight pounds. The abundant and nutritious food obtained at sea, causes the wonderful growth; if it is prevented from going to sea, it does not grow to more than twelve inches, or three-quarters of a pound in a year from the time it weighs three ounces. Thus an abundance of food causes a rapid growth.

The enemies of larger trout in stock ponds are fish hawks and night herons. Water frogs, snakes and ducks, may also be destructive to the fry when first turned out of the nursery. In a confined space the water snake first muddies the water, and then finds its victim. The duck, also, has the same cunning. The frog, in solemn silence, waits for their approach to shallow water amongst grass or weeds, and pounces upon them. The little kingfisher may also capture some. But the foe which it is most difficult to protect the fish from, is the species of heron alluded to. Though not numerous, these wading birds, when they have found a feeding place so well stocked, may come for many successive evenings, and prey upon the trout. Other enemies are easily provided against.—*Norris's American Fish Culture.*

Preserving Forest Trees.

Hon. J. M. Edmunds, late Commissioner of the General Land Office, has written a lengthy and able paper upon the subject of forest trees. He deprecates their present waste, as likely to prove most disastrous to many of the material interests of the country, and urges the adoption of some measures which shall prevent it in future. Considering the present and prospective forest products in this country only in the light of their necessity and economy for domestic purposes, he asks, is it not time that waste should cease and production begin? And considering forests and their effects as essential to the protection of men, animals, fruits and grain, and their value in inducing moisture, protecting the soil, and tempering the climate, is it not doubly important that every section of the country should retain, if it has them, and if it has them not, should immediately engage in their production, at least to the extent of supplying local use and protection?

But while the growth of forests is a slow process, and promises appreciable returns only at a distant period, their preservation, he says, may be entered upon at once, not only without cost, but with immediate advantage. Wanton destruction should be immediately stopped, and upon all lands not required for cultivation the spontaneous growth of timber should be permitted, and reproduction should be encouraged, and, if need be, commanded by protective statutes. In all the mountain ranges, on abrupt hillsides, along the borders of streams, lakes, and water-ways, in swamps, surrounding every farm, in every village, around every rural cottage, school-house, and church, on the sides of every highway and railroad, in every cemetery, and on public parks, squares and grounds, the growth of forest trees should be promoted by their protection, and by planting where they do not spontaneously spring up.

These precautions alone would save the country from the fearful effects of the absence of forests. They would afford protection from destructive winds, and shield crops, animals, and soil from the burning and unbroken rays of the sun, and would in a brief period answer a part of the demand for domestic use, and to that extent relieve the scanty remains of the original reserve from the increasing draught of a growing population.

The importance of preserving our forest trees from a continuance of the rapid waste to which they have been subjected for many years cannot be too highly estimated. We are glad the subject is beginning to receive the attention it deserves, and from so high an authority as the one quoted.

Pine Straw.

The old leaves or needles of the pine fall every summer as soon as the new growth is made. This material throughout the Southern country is known as pine straw, and more or less use is made of it as bedding and manure. Mr. Frank Heiderhoff, of Bay St. Louis, Miss., sends us an analysis, the name of the analysis not being given. This represents the whole amount of ash as 2½ per cent.; and as it contains 4½ per cent. of alumina, we conclude the straw contained more or less soil gathered with it. The ash contains, according to this analysis, about 2½ per cent. of potash, a little soda, 13 per cent. of lime, and more than 1 per cent. of phosphoric acid. This indicates but a slight value, so far as ash ingredients are concerned, the most valuable ingredient, potash, amounting to less than three pounds to the ton. However, the amount of nitrogen, which is not stated, may be, and probably is, considerable. Mr. H. recommends composting pine straw with muck, marsh mud, or calcareous marls. Mr. Wm. R. Hammond, of Tyrrell county, N. C., writes that he draws the straw from the woods every two or three weeks, uses it as bedding for stock, and then throws it into the hog-pen. Then he scatters "ditch-bank" muck over it, and when the *ditch-bank* is used up, has the men mix it in the hog-pen. In January it is gotten out, and lies under cover until spring.—*American Agriculturist.*

Grass for Breeding Hogs.

A correspondent of the Western Rural says:—"A good supply of grass for breeders is of untold value. They should be put on pasture two or three weeks before breeding-time, as it increases milk greatly. Breeders, on a good supply of grass, with some corn, will not only retain their flesh, but grow continually, and be easily fattened in the fall or winter, while the pigs will be large and healthy, and their growth will not be checked during the winter. If breeders with their pigs are confined in small yards during the summer, and fed on grain alone, it will take two of the former to make a shadow in the fall, while the latter will be small and poor, and go into winter quarters good subjects for disease."

REMOVING GREASE SPOTS OUT OF SILK.—Take a lump of magnesia, and rub it wet over the spot; let it dry, then brush the powder off, and the spot will disappear; or, take a visiting card, separate it, and rub the spot with the soft internal part, and it will disappear without taking the gloss off the silk.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 70 letters.
My 2, 1, 12, 16, 17, 43, 4, 31, 33, 44, 57, is a poem by the author of my whole.
My 5, 58, 43, 25, 38, 22, 26, 41, is a poem by same author.
My 7, 48, 49, 43, 14, 42, 46, 27, 36, 63, is another poem by same author.
My 3, 9, 56, 62, was *one* called the Mistress of the World.
My 43, 58, 37, 23, 19, 59, 66, 55, 43, is a famous English maritime city.
My 6, 13, 38, 15, 8, 31, is *that home* which cannot be *bought* with *gold.*
My 20, 68, 58, 47, 40, is a place of sorrow, trouble, and death.
My 67, 64, 70, 69, 18, 54, 39, 35, 24, is a *term* applied to a certain class of laborers.
My 46, 60, 50, 61, 11, are used in fencing.
My 5, 31, 30, is a curious animal found in Africa.
My 51, 33, 57, 65, 14, 17, 54, 42, 10, 21, 28, 38, 19, 35, 58, 34, 35, is the inevitable follower of war.
My 39, 55, signifies desolation.
My whole is a favorite quotation from Campbell's Pleasures of Hope

DANIEL E. PALMER.
Fremont, Aroostook, Co., Maine.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 1, 15, 23, 27, 32, was a Heathen Goddess.
My 2, 28, 24, 7, 25, 35, 9, was a city of Judah.
My 3, 20, 22, 34, 13, 4, was a Queen of Persia.
My 6, 4, 34, 30, 17, was a King of the Amorites.
My 8, 34, 18, 19, 32, was a river in Assyria.
My 10, 5, 21, 20, 15, was a city of Bashan.
My 11, 8, 4, 18, 33, 34, was a town in Palestine.
My 14, 18, 5, 9, 18, 21, was an ancient city.
My 26, 29, 23, 7, 16, 36, was a village of Canaan.
My 31, 2, 30, 9, 15, was a Jewish woman.
My whole is a beautiful passage in the Bible. ISOLA.
Sheffield, Pa.

Mathematical Problem.

On a level plane, and perpendicular to it, there stands a cylindric tower 60 feet high, and 12 feet in diameter, to the edge of the top of which is fastened a rope 200 feet long. Required—The distance a person will travel while winding the rope on the tower, keeping it stretched all the time, and the end 4 feet from the ground; and the nature of the *curve* he will describe.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

What should the angle at the vertex of a *right angled*-triangle *be*—to make the base be to the perpendicular as 7.'10.

Miami, Miami Station, Mo. WILL.
☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

There is an æther, only 7-10 as heavy as water; and there is a body of 1,000 ounces weight, which weighs only half as much in water as in the æther. What weight does the body lose in water? How many cubic feet are there in the body?

J. B. SANDERS.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What kind of a cat may be found in every library? Ans.—Cat-alogue.
☞ What is the best thing for a dead lock? Ans.—A skeleton key.
☞ What is the only pane we make light of? Ans.—A window-pane.
☞ What part of a gun is fit for wearing apparel? The breech is.
☞ What word will make you sick if you leave one of the letters out? Ans.—Music.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Hiram M. Warwick, Trinity, Louisiana. ENIGMA—"A good name will shine forever."

RECEIPTS.

PEACH JAM, OR MARMALADE.—The fruit for this preserve must be quite ripe and perfectly sound. Pare, stone, weigh, and boil it quickly for three-quarters of an hour, and do not fail to stir it often during the time; draw it from the fire, and mix with it ten ounces of well-refined sugar, rolled or beaten to powder, for each pound of the peaches; clear it carefully from the scum and boil it briskly for five minutes; add the strained juice of one or two *good* lemons; continue the boiling for three minutes only, and pour out the marmalade. Two minutes after the sugar is stirred to the fruit add the blanched kernels of part of the peaches.

APPLE CUSTARD PIES.—Grate, or stew to a pulp, twelve large apples; to this add a teaspoonful of salt, sugar, nutmeg, three eggs well beaten, a pint of cream or milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter, the grated rind of two lemons and the juice of one; pour the mixture into plates lined with rich paste, and arrange stripe in a network over the top; bake a light brown, and sift over them powdered sugar.

DERBY SHORT CAKE.—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, and mix one egg, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, and as much milk as will make a paste. Roll this out thin, and cut the cakes with any fancy shapes or the top of a wine-glass. Place on tin plates; strew over with sugar, or cover the top of each with icing, and bake for ten minutes.

TO INCREASE THE SHARPNESS AND STRENGTH OF VINEGAR.—Boil two quarts of good vinegar till reduced to one; then put it in a vessel, and set it in the sun for a week. Now mix the vinegar, with six times its quantity of bad vinegar, in a small cask; it will not only mend it, but make it strong and agreeable.

DEATH TO HOUSE FLIES.—The following mixture is recommended as "sure death" to house flies: Half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of cream and a teaspoonful of sugar; mix them well together, and place them in a room where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear. It won't cost much to try it.